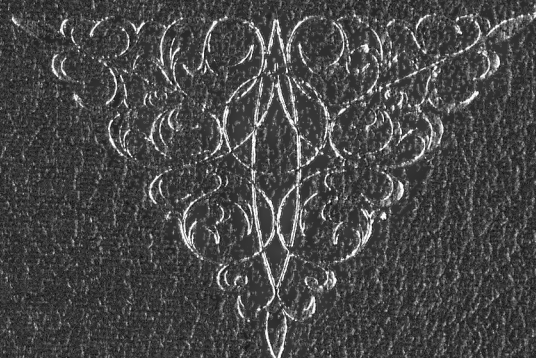


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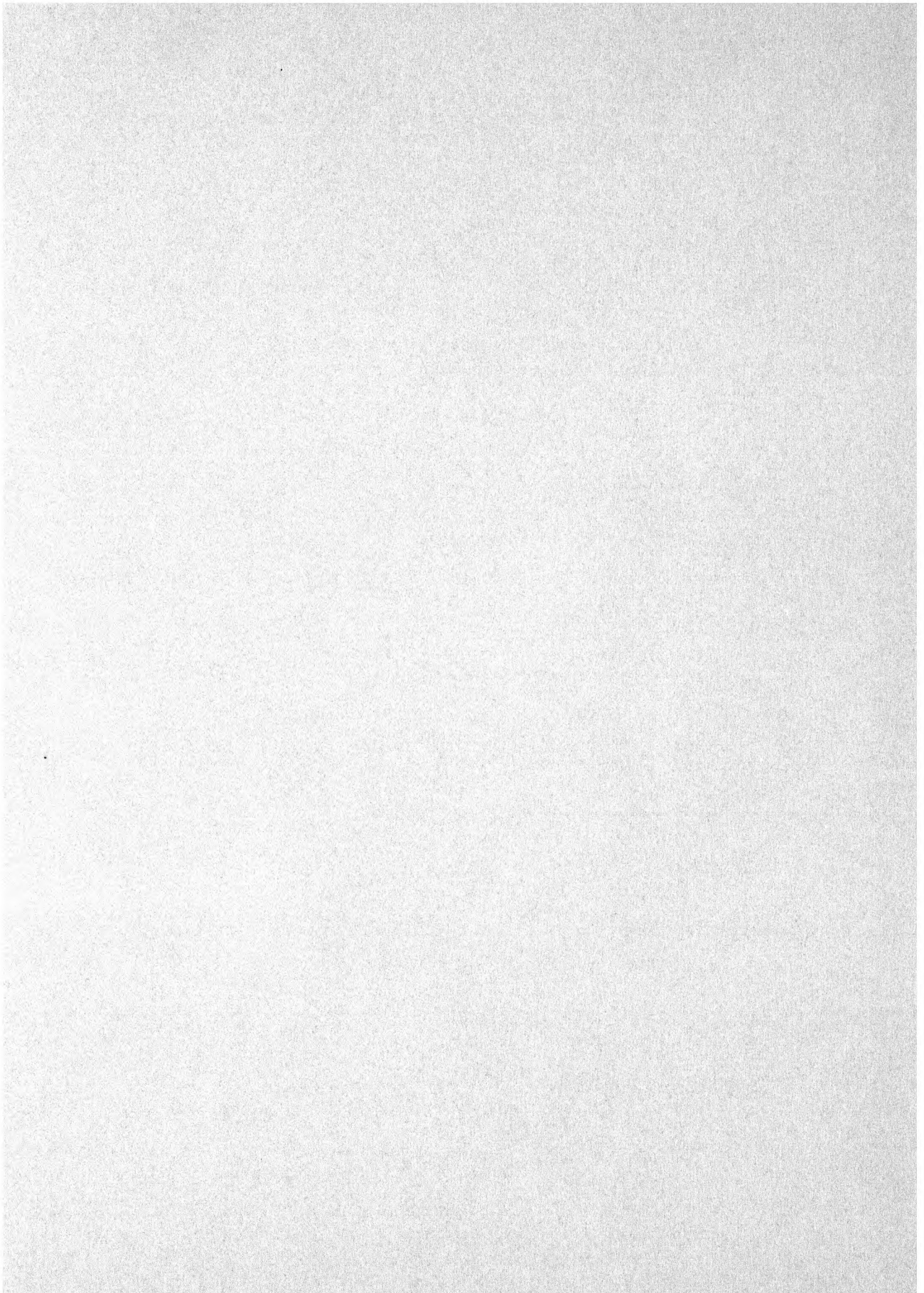
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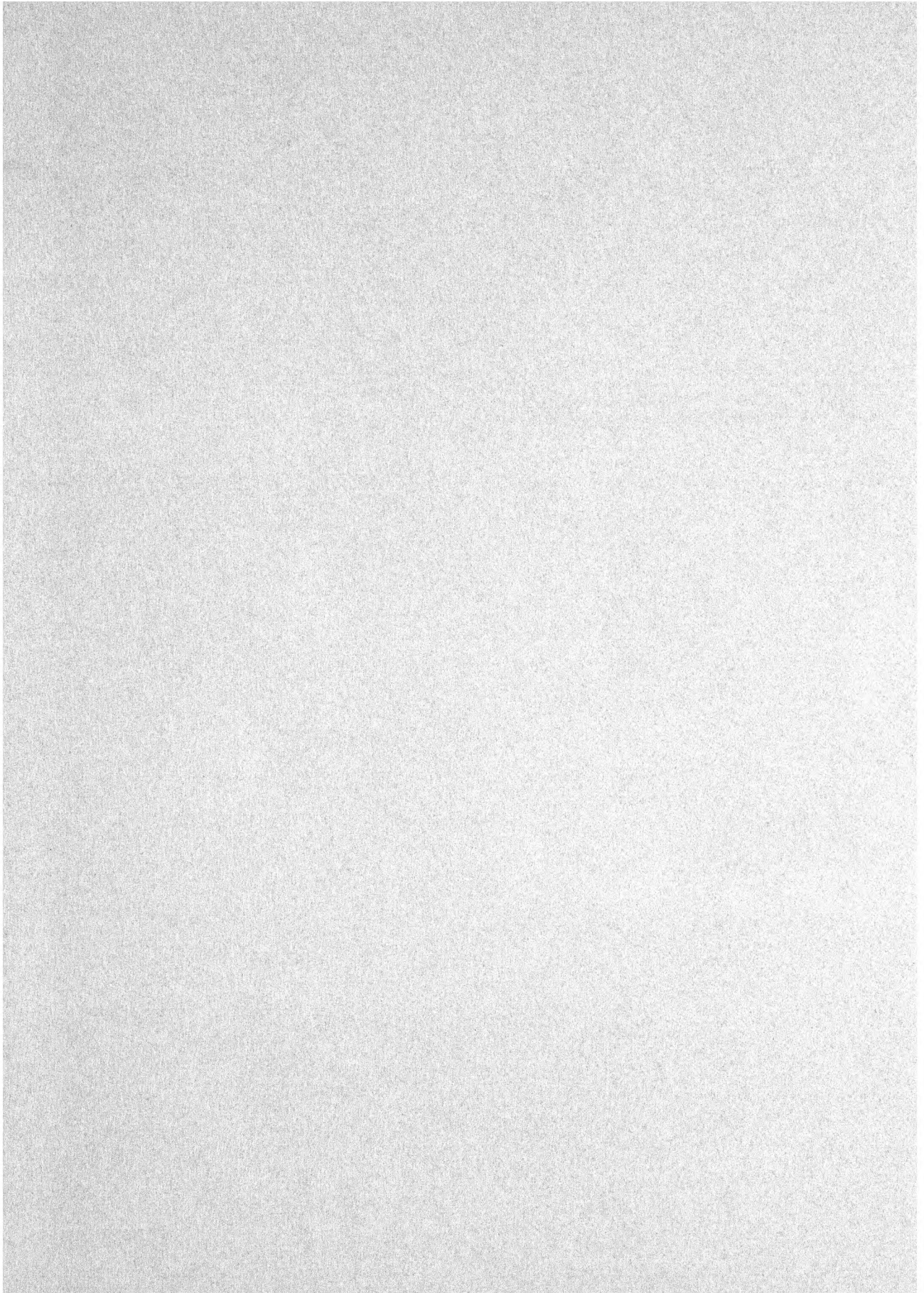
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John Gellner

THE CANADIAN HERITAGE SERIES
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*The Party that crossed the Rockies: Dr. Cheadle,
Lord Milton and the Assiniboine family.*



CHEADLE'S JOURNAL

*being the Account of the First Journey
across Canada undertaken for pleasure only,
by Dr. Cheadle and Lord Milton
1862/1863*

*edited by
John Gellner*

*drawings, partly from Dr. Cheadle's own sketches, by
Jean Redfern*

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INTRODUCTION

It is about six hours by air today from Montreal to Vancouver. The train takes something like 70 hours. Only a little over a hundred years ago, the first travellers who covered this route for no other purpose than for pleasure, in other words, the first tourists to undertake a trans-continental journey, required one year, one month and 18 days, of which they were actually on the road eight months and four days. Such has been the development of Canada within the span of a single century.

The first tourists . . . this in itself was a milestone, when before only fur traders or prospectors or explorers braved the difficulties of such a journey, difficulties which were at least equal to those encountered by the men who at about the time of Dr. Cheadle's and Lord Milton's expedition opened up dark Africa and thereby fired the imagination of the world. Yet Cheadle's and Milton's feat made only a very small splash. It is largely forgotten, even in Canada.

In fact, it was a tremendous exploit. Neither Cheadle nor Milton had any qualifications for such a journey, except that like most English gentlemen of the time they were good horsemen and sure shots. Walter Butler Cheadle was at least a strong, rugged man. In 1862, when he set out on his adventurous journey, he was 27 years of age and had just finished his medical studies. From his diary, restrained and modest as it is, he emerges as one who

had all the attributes of the great explorer: a balanced temper, indomitable energy, the moral courage to make decisions and to stick by them. He could undoubtedly have become one of the outstanding men of discovery in an era when there was still much scope for exploration, had he not chosen to be a leader of his own medical profession. His companion, William Fitzwilliam, Viscount Milton, son of the sixth Earl Fitzwilliam, was clearly of a much more brittle cast. He was four years younger than Cheadle, and he does not seem to have been in good health. Judging by frequent references in the diary to "symptoms" he showed, and "attacks" and "spells" from which he suffered, he may even have been an epileptic. (He died, incidentally, at the age of 37.) Perhaps because of his illness, he was also lazy and sluggish, and something of a spoiled child. Without Cheadle he probably would not have got far beyond Fort Garry.

Cheadle and Milton also picked up odd companions en route. From Quebec to Carlton House, until they went into winter quarters on the Jolie Prairie, they were accompanied by a 21-year-old ex-Etonian and Oxonian whom they had met on board ship from England. Cheadle simply calls him Messiter. He was almost certainly Charles Alston Messiter, of Barwick House, Somerset County. Rather callous, over-active, of fiery temper, he was a self-reliant, energetic and fearless partner, but difficult to live with. Cheadle and Milton severed their partnership with him when a decent opportunity offered.

Out of the kindness of their hearts, they then burdened themselves with a 60-year-old windbag, one O'Byrne, and that for the most rigorous part of the journey, across the Rocky Mountains, from Fort Edmonton to Kamloops. O'Byrne was a down-and-out, a professional scrounger, physically feeble and capitalizing on his feebleness. He was certainly a character, and

one which, as one reads the diary, one can not help loving at times, but he only added to the already immense difficulties of the trip.

The whole expedition was ill-prepared — if it was prepared at all. Decisions on what to do next, and how, were taken on the spur of the moment, as a rule by Cheadle, admittedly with unerring sureness. Thus it happened that for the easier portion of the western trip, from Fort Garry to Carlton House, they had four experienced métis guides, La Ronde, Bruneau, Voudrie, and Vital, and after the last-named deserted, at least a sturdy 18-year-old youngster, Zear, in his stead. The Rockies, on the other hand, Cheadle and Milton crossed without any guide at all. For this desperate enterprise they had with them the useless O'Byrne; the métis Louis Battenotte, whom Cheadle calls Assiniboine, who had never been across the mountains and was handicapped by a crippled hand; and Assiniboine's wife and young boy. They set out, of course, with at least one competent guide, Baptiste Supernat, but he deserted before they reached Jasper House. Even with him the party would have been woefully weak for the task.

The crossing of the Rockies by the Yellowhead Pass, and the following descent through the trackless valley of the North Thompson river, were a triumph of Cheadle's determination and resourcefulness, and of Assiniboine's strength and unflagging courage. For a month they had to cut their way through the primeval forest. They starved. They lost most of their possessions. But they reached Fort Kamloops.

Cheadle's diary was not destined for publication — and was, in fact, not published for 68 years, until it appeared in 1931, as Volume One of the Canada Series edited by F. G. Grove. It is thus written with utter spontaneity and frankness. It gives us the inner story, as it were, which is missing from the careful and

tactful, and rather pedestrian, published account of the expedition, Cheadle's and Milton's, "The North-West Passage by Land", which came out in London, in 1865. And a dramatic and most thrilling story it is.

This is an edited version of the diary, in contrast to the 1931 edition which renders the narrative verbatim. It is edited, because it is the aim of the Heritage Series not only to give access to works about Canada's past which are difficult to come by, but also to offer books which will be read. Consequently, I have inserted the punctuation which Cheadle obviously did not consider important in a private diary; eliminated references to persons and events which are not explained and are thus meaningless, and some of the (natural enough in view of Cheadle's responsibilities and worries) repetitious sniding remarks about his more tiresome companions; corrected some inconsistencies; and limited the narrative to the journey proper. I have been taken to task for doing similar editing jobs in the previous four volumes of the Heritage Series. Such criticism obviously stems from misapprehensions about the aim of the Series. In the present case I submit again a, I hope carefully, edited version of a most valuable document from Canada's past — and refer those who want to go through the unexpurgated text to the 1931 edition, available in many libraries, and the scholars to the copy of the original in the Canadian Archives.

Finally, I am sure that all who will travel in this book with the indomitable Dr. Cheadle from coast to coast, will experience at the same time feelings of regret that the days of great adventure are largely gone in Canada, and of pride over how far our country has come in so short a time.

John Gellner

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CHAPTER ONE

**July 1862: From Entering Canadian Waters to
the Red River**



At the Falls

Tuesday, July 1st — On board M.S. "Anglo-Saxon"

Heavy rain during the night. Dull but fair on rising. Passing between Anticosti and Gaspé about noon, and have fairly entered the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Yesterday afternoon had a lesson from the Captain in the use of the sextant, artificial horizon, etc. At 8.30 in the evening we arrived at Father Point, 168 miles from Quebec, and took the pilot on board. The scenery along the first part of the St. Lawrence is wild and barren, low ranges of hills covered with pine, with white wooden fishermen's huts along the shore. Further up the country becomes much more fertile. Northern lights rather fine.

Wednesday, July 2nd — Quebec City

This morning the view was beautiful, 7 or 8 miles from Quebec, and beautiful sunny weather. Arrived at 9.15. The promontory on which the citadel stands seems to shut in the river; on one side runs the St. Lawrence, on the other the River St. Charles. We passed the falls of St. Montmorency on the right about 7 miles from Quebec. The City of Quebec is built round the base and up the sides of the bluff, some streets very steep. Country round and on banks pretty, well-wooded and studded with very clean white villas. Town itself poor, lower town streets very narrow, dirty and ill paved with planks, others with rough boulders. Likely to be run over, carriages approach so noiselessly on wood. Houses built of wood, clinker fashion, painted white with bright green Venetian shutters, which in the brilliant sunlight looks very gay; others of white brick, rubble or stucco. Bothered to death to hire calashes, which resemble broken-down gentlemen's cabs. Names seem nearly all French and Irish. French seems the prevalent languages. Advertisements and bills in both.

Went with Gray, Rosenberg, Lord Milton, and McFaddle to see the Plains of Abraham. Understood the plan of the battle perfectly from plan at hotel. Saw the monument where Wolfe fell, raised by British Army. Farther on the plains one to both him and Montcalm. Quebec considered impregnable but taken and retaken four times.

Rosenberg told Lord Milton and myself with air of mystery that he

was the man who chartered the "Mary Wright", which arrived in Liverpool a short time ago having run the blockade at Charleston. Made 50,000 dollars by it, has now chartered her back from Nassau (West Indies) with arms, etc., which he sends on there from England. Going to meet her at Charleston if he can pass the lines. Came by Quebec to avoid observation.

Weather hot and bright, a good summer's day in England. No rain for seven weeks. Worst summer for drought for long time. A man came into the room where Lord Milton was unpacking, seized a "portable scrip" and wanted to trade. On Lord Milton's refusing, he walked off with it and said if he could not fix the price it was not his fault. Afterwards came and apologized. Did not know to whom he was speaking, etc., etc., and offered to present 5 lbs. of tobacco. Accepted. Had a mint julep. Very hot. Billiards and bed.

Thursday, July 3rd — Quebec City and to Montreal

Having a fearful cold. Corn cakes very good. Writing letters and filling up log. Messiter buying fur, nick-nacks, etc. Start for Montreal at 5 P.M. Messiter took a calash to see Plains of Abraham. Extremely hot, bright and clear. The journey from Quebec to Montreal, 168 miles, almost entirely through forest, principally pine. Very fine for a few miles after leaving Quebec, hills well wooded, and rocky streams. After that, country very flat. Trees by the track burned. Here and there new clearings, burning stumps, etc. Very dusty. Peculiar cars. Victoria bridge, 2 miles, close to town. Arrived at "St. Lawrence" at midnight. Good house. Very full and busy. Lord Monck holding review. Full of officers.

Friday, July 4th — Montreal

Montreal decked with flags in honour of the Governor. Very superior to Quebec. Houses mostly good brick and stone. Green shutters as at Quebec. Streets broader but not good. Country mostly flat, enclosed. Brandy squash and mint julep. Guns altered. Bought powder and caps, etc. Feed pretty good but too much hurry and very bad waiters, mostly Irish. Contrary to expectation see more English names and less French

than at Quebec. Bothered with currency, York shillings, dimes, etc. Bar system. Liquors high, one shilling a bottle of beer.

In the evening called on Captain Graham of "Anglo-Saxon", found he was staying with Mr. Edmonston, one of the owner's firm. Took a car, stupid driver took us to Allan's (senior partner), went on to Edmonstons, found Captain Graham out. Returned at half-past 10; ran him to earth. Mr. Edmonston very screwed, takes great interest in Indians and dilated upon the game of lacrosse and told us that a grand match was to be played between the Caughnawagha Indians and Montreal Club tomorrow. He referee for Indians. Thorough Scotchman in appearance and conversation, very hospitable. Gave us two bottles champagne. Very good. Invited Captain Graham to breakfast at 10.

Saturday, July 5th — Montreal and to Cornwall

Very hot and close. Completing our preparations. Captain Graham for breakfast. Then went down to the ship with Lord Milton to take the sextant for examination by Captain Graham. Turned out to be about 20 miles wrong; the Captain very kindly corrected it for us, and gave us a lesson in navigation and use of the sextant. Found Mr. Edmonston there again. Explained to me all about lacrosse, having evidently quite forgotten last night's conversation. "By the by, Sir, have you ever heard of the game of lacrosse Played by the Indians . . .", etc. Bade adieu to the Captain and promised to acquaint him of our safe return if it came off. Messiter meantime purchased 8 months old Newfoundland pup for 4 pound sterling. Celebrated breed.

Started at 5 P.M. for Cornwall, about 80 miles, thence by steamer to Toronto. Very hot and dusty. Fire flies, alias "lightning bugs", very beautiful. Land almost all enclosed, posts and rails, flat and apparently not very fertile. Arrived at Cornwall at 10 P.M. Told us at the station that the boat was gone. Sent boys to fetch waggon for baggage to wharf, i.e. loose planks laid on four wheels, sent luggage on and walked. Got there about 11.30. Steamer arrived about midnight, 12 miles canal and locks to avoid rapids. Three-decked steamer, long salon. Danish emigrants lying

all ways asleep on lower deck. Captain says great many going to West now. Had supper and turned in. Double-berthed cabins and larger berths than on board ocean steamers.

Sunday, July 6th — Up the St. Lawrence by ship

All day up the St. Lawrence. The Thousand Islands, like those on Derwentwater, of rock cropping out covered with trees. Banks low, well wooded, timber not very large. Expect to be in Toronto at 8 tomorrow morning. Met a fellow passenger from "Anglo-Saxon". He tells us that we have two corpses on board, one a Member of Parliament and the other a Swedish emigrant. At Kingston at 7 P.M. (The M.P., William Hamilton Merritt, one of the members of the original Canadian Upper House.)

Monday, July 7th — Toronto and Niagara Falls

Arrived at Toronto about 9.30 A.M. Fine weather, very warm. Passed up Lake Ontario during the night. Had breakfast on steamer and then landed. Crowd of cabmen bullying you to engage, and rival hotel porters. Patronized "Rossin House", a good, large hotel. Nigger waiters. Curious effect of black hands waiting at table. Peculiar walk of negroes, very leisurely, moving the body round on its axis at each step. Special tone of voice.

At 1 P.M. took steamer for Lewiston, thence by rail to Niagara and on to the "Clifton House". Arrive at 5. First view of the Falls disappointing. After a time, Horseshoe Fall very fine, especially from the edge, place of Blondin's ascent. River enters Ontario between high wooded cliffs. Rail from Lewiston along the edge of American side. Suspension bridge and first views of Falls. Moose hair and bead work at bazaar.

On the Lewiston steamer, a gentleman with smooth-shaven face, light moustache, white hat, with knowing look and bland smile on his countenance, accosted Messiter and myself with a remark on the heat of the weather or something of the kind and speedily placed himself in the most intimate terms. Sorry he had not a card, but showed us his case silver mounted, and with his name and address, Captain Hutchinson of Guelph.

Asked us to come over to a nice little place of his about 50 miles from Toronto and have some woodcock shooting. Turned the conversation on to Lord Milton and speedily introduced himself to him also. Asked us to go to the bar and taste Canadian whiskey. Introduced us to a Major Kane of the Canadian Rifles with great ceremony. Wonderful stories of his deeds at the Cape. Killed two Kaffirs. Peculiar Kaffir dress, etc. American ladies — style to address them. Damns the Yankees. If they knew he was over on their side of the water, would mob him. Stuck to us like a leech.

Went to "Clifton House". Introduced Lord Milton to General Napier, Commanding Officer. Two pretty daughters, one engaged to aide-de-camp. Walked out up to the head of the Fall (Horseshoe). Saw largest wildcat in the world. Museum containing little but a stuffed juvenile donkey. Messiter and self having headaches, and Lord Milton having been before, did not go under the Falls. Returned and had tea-dinner at "Clifton House". Wood-strawberries very good. Don't like system of feeding, viz. small portion on little dish for each person. After, visited bazaar. Messiter invested large sums in moose hair work. Some very beautiful. Captain Hutchinson followed us continually, discoursed again on the freedom of manner of American ladies. Induced us to go into drawing room and instructed us to face the ladies boldly and we should find they liked it; made our best toilette which was a very seedy one. Found party of ladies and gentlemen round the piano. Hushed on our entrance. They almost immediately turned out of the windows on to the verandah (shaded balcony going round two sides). Finding it no go, adjourned to billiard room and played with Messiter till half-past midnight. Walking round verandah discovered through open window a black gentleman and white lady in a private sitting room! Turned in to bed.

Tuesday, July 8th — Toronto

Turned out at 7.45 to catch 8.15 train. Tremendous hurry. All rather seedy and sleepy. Captain Hutchinson appeared at breakfast. Went in bus with us, and tacked himself on to us in the car and boat. Inveighs against smoking. Rode one horse 100 miles between sunrise and sunset at the Cape with despatches for Sir Henry Smith. Did not understand a question of Sir

Henry's and answered irrelevantly. Sir Henry damns his soul to hell with great violence. All over in a moment and, "brandy and water, my dear fellow". Found Gamble waiting for us at the wharf. The Captain follows us to "Rossin House" having first given his arm to a young lady on the boat with great elegance. Liquors us up again, bids an affectionate farewell and renews his invitation. Play at billiards. Captain reappears and liquors us up again. Offered to initiate us into the mysteries of Toronto; didn't see it. (Lord Milton caught him at the bar with two other fellows talking very large about his friends Lord Milton, Messiter and myself. "Capital fellows, got devilish intimate with them", etc. Asked if he had been overheard.) Captain at length bids a final adieu.

Gamble takes us to lunch with his people. The horror on being taken into a room full of ladies, having a fortnight's beard and seedy appearance. Mrs. Gamble jolly, like a 45-year old. Mrs. T., young sister, nice looking. Thirty year old cousin sets into Messiter, furious talking match, Switzerland, Falls, etc., all very pleasant. Go to see Osgood Hall Law Courts opened by Prince of Wales. Very fine building. Then with Gamble across the lake to an island to bathe, fine shelving sand, water very cold. Roll in the sand to warm ourselves. Return and dine at 6.30. Start for Detroit at 11.15. (The Gambles don't know the Captain. Not sure whether he is a sharper, or merely an impertinent fool.) Toronto a good wide-streeted town. Each house with its garden and plenty of trees. 60,000 inhabitants.

Wednesday, July 9th — Detroit

Arrived in Detroit at 8.15. Cross by ferry-boat. Bad breakfast on board for half a dollar. Customs officer wants 30 per cent duty on value of guns, etc., begins on Messiter's big case at last. Miss our train to Chicago by the delay. Messiter very indignant. Taken at last to head customs officer who was very civil and gives us a pass through to Fort Garry, to our great relief, for one dollar on our taking oath we were passing through there. On leaving Toronto telegraphed to Hamilton for berths in sleeping car. Turned in about 1 A.M. All others already bedded. Messiter passed on to ladies' compartment. Two ladies and a gentleman in one opposite. Like

ship's berths, only much wider, no sheets, rug; don't undress completely; very comfortable night's rest; washing and toilet conveniences.

Regular Yankees. Sallow faces, large straw hats, clean-shaven. Nasal twang, and "that's so", "I guess" used universally for "I suppose". Detroit a large straggling place; wide streets.

*Thursday, July 10th — By train, via Chicago,
to Minnesota Junction*

Left Detroit at 8 P.M. on Wednesday and got sleeping cars for which we paid one dollar. Charged enormously for extra luggage, two-and-a-half dollars for mine. One dollar per 100 lbs. extra and refused to allow more than \$4.87 for sovereign. Actual exchange \$5.35.

Turned in about 11. Ladies and gentlemen very promiscuous. Ladies don't keep their division curtain down, but watch the gentlemen dressing with great satisfaction. Went to "Briggs House" at Chicago, where we arrived at 8.15. A very good hotel and Lord Milton welcomed with satisfaction, the waiter talking to him as if he had been his own brother. Hamburger, the wizard, introduces himself to Lord Milton and requests his patronage. Find his handkerchief in my pocket, etc. Go to exchange office and get \$5.35 for English sovereigns. Great dearth of small change and consequent difficulties, seems to be quite usual to be unable to give change, for the man at the bar gave us a glass of beer rather than change a dollar note! General rudeness of the people; push past without begging pardon, etc. Shopmen serve you as if they were doing a favour. Bought 5 lbs. powder and 3,000 French caps, one dram strychnine (for which paid four dollars). Messiter bought two double guns for 7 dollars each, to trade with. Spent considerable time in searching for some one to correct the new sextant and at last found a Mr. Bradley, in some business in Chicago; an amateur observer who takes the city time, and who very kindly offered to do all he could for us. Went to his house, 271 Ontario St., which our cabby had great difficulty in finding. Told cabby he might wait if he liked to take the chance of a fare back, we shouldn't pay him for his time. From Mr. Bradley got Greenwich time, and latitude and longitude of St. Paul. Found

our cab waiting and drove to the hotel. Cabby wanted two-and-a-half dollars for his time. Refused. Said he would make us; ascertained true fare to be \$1.50, which just as we were starting for the train he gladly took. Bustled off to station and there they charged us the usual dollar for every 100 lbs. over the first. Very high (3 dollars) for the two dogs.

Train very full. Conductor very surly, had to stand about until some of the passengers landed. This part of the journey on the Chicago and North Western Railroad to Minnesota Junction, leaving Chicago at 9 P.M. on Thursday and arriving at Minnesota Junction at 5 A.M. Friday; got sleeping cars for 50 cents at 11 P.M. and turned out at Minnesota Junction at 4.30 thinking it a great nuisance.

Friday, July 11th — From Minnesota Junction to La Crosse

Took the train at 5.30 A.M. from Minnesota Junction to La Crosse, where we arrived about noon, having stayed 20 minutes at Portage "City" for breakfast. Find I have lost my best pipe and 6 oz. of tobacco. Did Herr Hamburger take it?

Conductor in train between Minnesota Junction and La Crosse very anxious to know if England would interpose between North and South. Said we thought not at present. He guessed that England would lose a lot by going to war with the Yankees, along the Canadian line.

Found that the steamer did not start until 9.30 P.M. Intensely hot. Most powerful sun we have yet experienced. The line from Minnesota Junction by Milwaukee & La Crosse Railroad passes through very pretty country. Wooded hills, and occasionally rather fine cliffs. Plenty of water. Cleared land, very well farmed. Plenty of wheat, dead ripe. Seems the finest country we have yet passed through by far. Went through the only tunnel I have yet noticed. Only about a quarter-of-a-mile long, very low and narrow, cut through solid rock. At station close to this saw first Indian in paint, with rather fine face, good Roman nose and well-shaped head.

At La Crosse, having nine hours to wait, we borrowed a boat from the Captain of the steamer (Mr. McClellan) and some rods (i.e. bamboos

with a piece of lead and a hook on string). From the railway station we essayed to fish, but in a few minutes we found it too hot and rowed slowly up the "Father of Waters" to a sandy island and bathed. The water brown, generally not more than 3 or 4 feet deep. In holes here and there rather deep water, very warm and bathing delightful. Stayed in wading and swimming in different directions for one-and-a-half hours. The bottom very sandy, continually shifting, the sand rolling over and covering the feet very quickly. The river very pleasant scenery. Channels branching off continually round wooded islands, etc. While bathing saw a small boy and a nigger in boats fishing with dead bait. Had caught a considerable number of cat-fish, bass and some pike, all from one to 7 or 8 lbs. Came back to steamer about 6 and had tea. Most of these nigger waiters only quadroons or octoroons apparently. Many of them have very European faces and heads, the hair and complexion only telling the tale; one played a guitar and sang pretty well during the evening. Turned in at 11.30, having discovered to our great horror that breakfast is at 6.30. Decided that Wisconsin is the prettiest state we have seen.

Saturday, July 12th — By Mississippi steamer to St. Paul

Up at 7 to breakfast. Beautiful morning; sun not so bright as yesterday, there being a little haze. A gentleman on board remarked to me that it was a very dull day, and on my dissenting said that it was very seldom they had one so bad in this part. It was a bright glorious summer day for England! The scenery as we pass along winding Mississippi, very pretty. Channels deviating round islands covered with trees, backwaters, etc., and fine rounded hills partly bare and green, or covered with timber.

About 10 A.M. entered Lake Pepin, a small lake 7 or 8 miles long and about half one broad, similar scenery; about halfway up is the Maiden's Rock, a small cliff over the lake and on the Wisconsin side opposite Clare City, about which there is a legend that an Indian girl leaped over to avoid a hated marriage enforced by her family. Saw several large fish in the lake from the steamer, and some of apparently 10 or 20 lbs. rising. Rather struck by the amount of swearing, a favourite oath being, "by Jesus Christ",

"God Almighty". I secured a smoke from an urchin of some 12 years who sold papers in the train to us at La Crosse. Arrived at St. Paul about 10 P.M., and paid \$1.50 for baggage transporting. The "International," a large hotel, very comfortable. The proprietor and waiters shook hands with Lord Milton, welcoming him very cordially.

Sunday, July 13th — St. Paul

Turned out about 10, and after breakfast enquired and found the mail from here started on Monday 14th for Georgetown, but the steamer not until the 28th from there, leaving us three or four days there. We decided therefore to go on to Georgetown at once, and from there to Fort Garry by canoe, sending our luggage forward. Then ensued a furious unpacking and repacking, preparing arms and ammunition, kettles and pans, etc. Bought 4 lbs. of strong tobacco at 50 cents a pound. At work all day and a tremendous grind to get it ready at 8 for Burbank & Co., the State people who charged us 20 dollars for our passage to Georgetown, 390 miles, and 17 dollars for my luggage to Fort Garry, 500 miles further. Went to Burbank's in evening to settle about it amid the most magnificent lightning I ever saw. One or two tremendous bursts of thunder. Train starts tomorrow at 5.30 A.M. to St. Antony, thence go by mail coach to Georgetown. Tried to take an observation at noon, but found the sun's altitude too great for an artificial horizon, the sextants not being large enough. Got \$5.25 for gold at tobacconist's shop, they refusing at the bureau to give more than \$4.90.

Monday, July 14th — Beginning of journey by Prairie Coach

Last night about 11, Lord Milton came in rather excited having just discovered he had only 30 dollars instead of 68 dollars, the proper exchange for the 13 pound sterling at Mr. Hart's. The money had been placed in the firebag on his belt which had been taken off and laid on the bed after coming in. After much discussion and calling Mr. Blote, the proprietor of the hotel, out of bed, we decided that the money had been stolen out of the house, recollecting also that Lord Milton had only received 63 dollars, we all having made the mistake of 5 dollars in the calculation. Turned out

and roused up Hart's brother at the shop, who went to Hart who was said to be ill (this was about 1 A.M.). He sent word, too ill to get up but would count his money in the morning and forward balance if correct. Could make nothing of the scrub missing 30 dollars. Turned in about 2 A.M. and turned out again about 4. Lord Milton, not having notes enough to pay the bill, had a great row with bureau clerk who refused to give more than \$4.90 per pound sterling. At last paid it under protest, the clerk agreeing to send \$5.25 if he could get it afterwards. Kept train waiting.

At St. Antony took bus to town. Glimpse of Falls. Good town. Great resort of Southerners; none now and place half ruined. Falls like great weir. Quantity of lumber. Seventy miles crowded in mail coach to St. Cloud, five outside, eight and four children inside, two dogs on the roof; self inside, Lord Milton and Messiter on box. Stifling heat. Smell of babies and incessant crying. The Yankee ladies, incessant talking; showed me Confederate States note for 15 cents! To talk Yankee accent, every word the opposite of English, and with "I guess", "now", and "kinder", and nasal twang you are complete.

Talked with two Yankees about intervention. Very anxious to know whether England was likely to interfere. America would rise to a man. Liked England better now than she used to do and liking on the increase. Thought very highly of Prince of Wales who seems to have made an extremely favourable impression. All spoke in terms of great admiration for Queen and Prince Consort. Could not understand why England favoured South. Insisted like all I have talked with that the real question the North were fighting for was abolition. Told them we didn't swallow that in England. Awfully tiresome ride. German women jabbering and slapping squealing German babies. Yankee women chattering like magpies. Mosquitoes very irritating; spotted some hundreds. Journey through park-like scenery. Stay at St. Cloud. Lie on the floor as objecting to bed fellows. Buy bacon, kettle, etc., for canoe journey at Burbank's store, and turn in.

Tuesday, July 15th — St. Cloud to Sauk Centre

Leave St. Cloud (pronounced as spelled) at 6. Through fine mixed brush and prairie land to Sauk Centre, 65 miles in spring-waggon which

is great improvement on coach. Find to our horror that German woman and brats go on to Fort Abercrombie. Squealing, etc., continued. Lord Milton swears considerably as also the rest. Mosquitoes for ever; begin to get on to the prairies. Clearwater about 6 P.M.; pretty place. Fine teams of cream and roan ponies to Sauk Centre, where we arrive about 7 and stay the night. (Left the dogs at St. Cloud; follow in next stage as they were always tumbling off the roof yesterday, and hanging by their necks.) Messiter, Lord Milton and myself went to river to look for ducks; found none and Lord Milton, tired, went back. Messiter and self went forward to a lake and found two, which we killed but could not get owing to treacherous bog; nearly worried by mosquitoes. Return and bed, one on the floor.

Wednesday, July 16th — Sauk Centre to Pomme de Terre

Leave Sauk Centre about 6. Lord Milton buys dog, Rover, for 20 dollars. Women weep at parting with him and the man gives us many injunctions to "take care of the little fellow". Over prairie, land becoming more and more extensive. Through Alexandrian woods; hope to see bear; shoot a turkey buzzard. Get about 4 miles from Pomme de Terre and shoot two flappers which turn out too small for use, a wood duck and large mallard. Messiter strips and fetches them out. Several wild geese; can't get a shot. Plenty of ducks, but darkness came on and we had to give up. Almost worried by mosquitoes in bedroom. Messiter does not get a wink. Face and hands swollen up in the morning. I escape any swelling or marks. Fare only pork and eggs, dried apples; coffee or tea, milk, no beer or spirits. Messiter loses powder flask when wading after ducks.

Thursday, July 17th — Pomme de Terre to Fort Abercrombie

Leave Pomme de Terre about 7. Messiter and self walk on. Finds he has left fishing basket and all effects for canoe expedition; swears. See flock of ducks on pond close to road. Go on to Fort Abercrombie. Get out last 3 miles and walk. Get prairie hen and plover. Rover spoils sport by chivying them as hard as he can tear. Go on towards Georgetown by

mistake. Meet a man on horseback with seedy double-barrel, trumpery, ornamented hunting knife, screwy horse, Mexican saddle and wooden stirrups! Ask the way and return. Tells us he is one of a party travelling for health. Americans. Pass their camp by side of gully. Hail the ferry. Miscalled fort, slovenly soldiers. Watermelon. Guards refuse to go to war. Mosquitoes for ever.

Friday, July 18th — Red River reached at Georgetown

Have our ducks which are very good. Leave about 8 for Georgetown, 50 miles. Stop for dinner at 12 at a Norwegian's who speaks English like a native. Shoot our first American pigeon. Pretty bird, long forked tail, looks like a small pheasant on a tree. Mail stops for us to shoot a pheasant; bag a brace of young ones; arrive at Georgetown about 4 P.M. A few wooden houses on banks of Red River; much better place than Abercrombie. A company of soldiers stationed on account of Sioux and Sotabs. Indians complain justly of non-payment for wood cut for Fort Garry steamer. Halfbreeds have killed four elk within a few miles today. See them bringing the meat home in carts, came on a band of about 22 and could have killed more, but would not waste meat. Buy one birch bark canoe for six dollars and hire another for two-and-a-half. Man asks five dollars a day to go with us to Fort Garry. Offer one dollar for journey there, and half-a-dollar for return; can't agree, leave it awhile and expect he will come to terms. Long talk after tea with Mrs. Lull's sister, nice looking regular "Yankee gal".

Saturday, July 19th — Georgetown

Fine weather throughout. Try to buy moccasins, wants a dollar a pair. Horrible old hag dressing elk meat. Sleighing dogs like wolves desire to devour Rover. Get more kicks than halfpence. Mr. Murray's store. Very hot, few mosquitoes. War party of Sioux within a few miles. Halfbreed saw them skulking and ran for it. Mixed soldiers at fort.

Sunday, July 20th — Georgetown

Bought our canoe and hired another from halfbreeds. Six, and two-and-a-half dollars. Engaged a drunken halfbreed, but first-rate hunter, to go with us to Fort Garry for \$1.50 a day. Try the canoes, rather crank but get on well. First lesson in washing two pair socks and four pocket handkerchiefs. Lord Milton two trousers, etc. Cast bullets and prepare tins, buy necessities. Lord Milton goes 2 miles on horseback to buy whisky. Man gives short quart; remonstrances. Fellow keeps keg and talks of prosecuting for libel. Messiter sets out for it with one of American hunters, but turned back by thunderstorm which is splendid. Wrote log. Mail arrived at 6 with the rest of our luggage, which was hauled straight to Murrays' store and unpacked again. Pertinacious Columbian emigrant halfbreed asks one-and-a-half dollars per day and provisions for return; refuse, the man goes to consult his squaw. Race two Yankees in dug-out, licked. They talk of going to Fort Garry by canoe. I tell awful stories of Indian barbarities on the river to funk them from it. It evidently produces an effect. Messiter backs me up.

Monday, July 21st — Start on canoe trip down River

Up at 5 to complete preparations. Pemmican, flour, grease, salt, etc. Frying pan, soup kettle, basin, coffee pot. Lord Milton goes alone in small canoe which he bought, Messiter and self in larger one. Good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Lull. Take one gun, one pound powder each, 20 lbs. of shot between us, 12 revolver and 20 gun bullets. Jolly feeling of independence quietly paddling along with all our traps. Halfbreed sits on the bank smoking quietly and making no sign, we therefore start without him. Lord Milton and self turn up shirt sleeves, skin burned. I take warning and turn them down, Lord Milton persists. See plenty of ducks. Kill a couple, stay to dine, endeavour to cook duck on stick. Failure. Tremendously hot. Canoes as steady as a rock. We go much faster than Lord Milton. Start again after three hours rest. Camp just at sundown, dark directly. Great bother preparing supper, etc., everything already wet with dew, had to go on to open prairie. Take out canoes. Most uncomfortable

place. Mosquitoes dreadfully fierce, piercing through trousers and coat, all out of temper and first night's camping exceeding disagreeable; turn in to sleep but little. Reckon to have done 25 miles.

Tuesday, July 22nd — On the Red River

Get up at sunrise after very wakeful night. Bitten to death, hands and face much swollen. Messiter much disfigured, Lord Milton's arms very red and sore. Messiter's back, hair gone to grief. Lord Milton, with red handkerchief over head, sets out again about 8. Very hot, kill three or four ducks and a goose. Canoe leaks, have to stop in about an hour to pitch; put her in, still leaks; take her out, and do it over again, still leaks; find the place and tar for the third time, effectual cure, go on for another hour, and then stay for dinner. Pemmican utterly condemned by Messiter and self as chips and tallow. Bitten again. Hear a shot, expect our Yankee friends. Fried goose and ducks. Pleasant camping place with plenty of shade and wood. Break axe handle, turn in. Done 7 or 8 miles only.

Wednesday, July 23rd — On the Red River

Lord Milton's arms covered with large blisters and tremendously swollen, unfit to paddle. Take him in tow, very hard work, the wind holding her. My arms very red and sore, mosquitoes as usual. See fewer ducks and geese, wish for halfbreed to do some of our work. Camp before sundown. Banks very monotonous and muddy, stream gets wider, very tortuous; belt of wood along banks or open prairie. Do about 25 miles.

Thursday, July 24th — On the Red River

Pitch our canoe again which leaks abominably. Start very late and stop again for dinner in about an hour. Agree to stay till about 7 and then go all night. Find fresh tracks of an elk and young one, follow them for some distance and find where they have just laid down, but lose them entirely before long. Messiter will talk. Paddle all night, rather dark, starlight. Lord Milton goes to sleep in canoe towed behind, dreadfully monot-

onous work. Look out in vain for elk at daybreak, go on till 4.30 when neither could keep eyes open (both have nodded whilst paddling). Turn in to first landing place under a cliff formed by a landslip; banks knee deep in mud.

Friday, July 25th — On the Red River

Breakfast, very wet with dew. Messiter feeling wakeful after hunts for deer; Lord Milton and self make a slant and turn in to sleep. Fearfully hot, the cliff just facing the sun and sheltered from the wind. Sleep for about three hours, dine, and start about 5, all very languid and idle; hardly able to load canoes. Horrible tempers. Find Messiter and Lord Milton squabble dreadfully. Five ducks killed yesterday stink already! Paddle on for about two hours and then turn in. Pleasant camping ground under tree. Tempers improve, still little sleep for mosquitoes; hear two shots. Have passed a few rapids, wonder whether they are Goose Rapids and where Frog's Point is, which we were told was only 45 miles by land, and calculate we have done 90.

Saturday, July 26th — On the Red River

Start about 11 after a better night's sleep and agree not to stop for dinner. Shoot some rapids and let Lord Milton loose. He nearly comes to grief upon a large rock in the middle, and while we watch him are suddenly whisked close to another. Vigorous paddling just saves from that, but we find ourselves almost immediately aground, jump out, swear at one another, and the canoe floats off; get in again each abusing the other. Messiter in the bows, shoot several small rapids. See about 20 geese ahead, give chase. They land, and I get ashore about a yard deep in mud to beat the bushes; two come out, Messiter kills one and I the other. Lord Milton follows mine up. Float down stream, and I and Messiter try for more but without success.

Paddle on for about a quarter of a mile, and to our delight see a trail on the banks, oxen and men. Shoot a goose. See the steamer, "International", hauling up the rapids. Lord Milton's canoe on board. Wait on

the bank. Captain tells us to come on board, go up to the side of the steamer and wheel set agoing at the same time; the stream terrific, nearly whirled under it; Milton nearly swamped, also by steamer. Just saved being swamped by most frantic paddling, and sheering away, and shooting down the rapids which carry us down in a moment. Both very angry. Rover carried down in attempt to follow. Try to stem the rapids and fail. Two passengers push off from steamer in Lord Milton's canoe and come to our aid; one gets into ours and I take his place in the other. By holding on to the bank, bumping the bottom against the stones, and the most frantic paddling, we succeed after some quarter of an hour in getting up against the boat (some 100 yards), but only just. Passengers treat us to cheroots and brandy and water. Can't buy any spirits on board, but get pork, flour and biscuits. Dine on board, start again with minds at ease. Steamer does not expect to reach Georgetown and will probably catch us on way back to Fort Garry in three or four days.

And we have done about 113 miles, and are still about three from Frog's Point! Paddle on quietly, shoot a few ducks, and camp early in a snug place among small birches. Messiter constructs such a luxurious tent of our two sheets that we sleep like tops and do not wake till 10.

Sunday, July 27th — In Camp near Frog's Point

Take it very quietly writing up log, cleaning guns, etc., until 4. (Lord Milton very slow traveller.) Fearfully hot and all languid. Lord Milton wanting to pitch his canoe, clean his gun, wash white ducks, etc. We decided to remain in our pleasant little camp until Monday, keeping watches at night in order to turn out in good time for a start in the morning. I took to fishing with frogs (which are as abundant as in the plague of Egypt) and a stick, and caught goldeyes as fast as I could throw in. The river seemed alive with them; caught about 15 and then desisted; these we split open and smoked over the fire for future provision. Lord Milton chose the first watch from 10 to midnight; Messiter the second, from midnight to 2; and I the third, from 2 to 4. Armed to the teeth. Messiter thought he heard Indians, and nearly fired at Rover. In my watch,

in which day broke, heard lowing something like that of cattle but more like a horn in two directions, apparently about half-a-mile off.

Monday, July 28th — On the Red River

Tempted to call the others, but refrained lest I should be objurgated if the sounds were not those of elk. Called them up at 4 and start effected at 7. Saw a few geese and ducks, all very wild; about noon, some oxen, men and carts on the banks for Pembina. Men said they were going on the fall hunt, which relieved our minds. Despair of a dinner of fresh meat, and just about to land at 1 P.M., when three ducks get up close. I spot one, Messiter another at about 70 yards, with No. 3 Eley wire cartridge. Cooked and ate them immediately. All went into the shade to sleep. (On the way took a shot with ball at a splendid eagle-size turkey about 50 yards off, missed, but hit him hard with second barrel No. 5 as he passed about 30 yards off. Marked him down, pulled in and went after him. Put him up but could not get a shot for trees. Messiter sent a ball after him flying 100 yards off; of course, without effect.) Left Messiter and Lord Milton sleeping. I, finding it too hot, wrote up log, baled canoe, caught a few goldeyes, and then, at 5, turned them out. All started again for about two hours when we camped amongst some small aspens.

Banks very muddy. Just before landing, a duck (blue-winged teal) flew straight at us. I shot at him coming, Lord Milton directly after, but Messiter wiped both our eyes at a cross shot. Heard the whippoorwill for the first time. Squabbled about cooking bread, each stating his way was best. Great labour cutting wood with only a bill-hook, the axe having been broken. Constructed tent as before, and turned in about 11. Saw marks of large herd of elk close to our camp, a day or two old.

Tuesday, July 29th — In Camp again

Slept till 11. Got up and baked bread and fried fish for breakfast, lolled about. Sun intensely hot and mosquitoes troublesome. Intend to stay till tomorrow to look after the elk this evening. Monotony of river. Traces of fire, storms and floods in trees torn up, broken down and carried into

heaps. Many half burned. Set out about 5 P.M. with Lord Milton for a small elk hunt, leaving Messiter to look after the camp. Went through the belt of timber which covers the banks, and followed the edge of it on the prairie for about three miles. Saw a little old sign, but nothing fresh. Sat down, had a pipe, and returned nearly worried by mosquitoes which were in a perfect cloud. Hit off the point where we left the wood exactly, and found Messiter with the camp in order and supper ready. He was just about to fire off his gun as it was getting dark; not much surprised at our non-success, but had hoped for at least some prairie hens. I turned in about 10, leaving Lord Milton and Messiter in a very warm argument as to the rights of and injuries done to the Indians.

Wednesday, July 30th — On the Red River

This morning set out at 11 intending to make a long day of it. Just before setting out, the Columbian emigrant, whom we met at Georgetown, appeared in a dug-out. Found that he had only left that place on Saturday (!) and calculated that he had done about 130 miles. He passed the steamer aground somewhere in Goose Rapids and was told that she would not start back for a week although not going back to Georgetown. After we had paddled for half an hour we overtook him. He very kindly offered some butter, we having left our fat behind, and filled one of our cups with it. We in return gave him a fishing line of which he stood in need, and some shot. Went on till about 5 doing some 18 or 20 miles, and killed a goose and some duck, then pitched Lord Milton's canoe which had begun to leak, and baked a large amount of bread in the frying pan for night and day's provision, intending to go on during night and most of next day with but little rest.

Started at 9. Very monotonous. Darkness increasing. Thunder and lightning about 11. Continued to increase. About 1 A.M. the storm became terrific and lasted about two hours. The rain in sheets, thunder and lightning the most fearful any of us ever beheld. We were evidently in the very focus of the storm, the lightning completely blinding us and almost continuous, hissing and playing about us, roaring like a furnace; the thunder with

most awful crash being at the same instant. Lord Milton came and held on by our canoe, and I steered for a long time by help of the lightning. We all sat still, huddled up in our wraps in the drenching rain, and letting the boats drift where they would. The longest night I ever passed and the most uncomfortable, the canoes being half full of water, and all soaked most thoroughly. I shivered so that I could hardly speak. At daybreak the storm suddenly abated and then quickly ceased, and we landed in most miserable plight on a muddy bank, then lay down to sleep in our wet clothes among the long soaking grass. Could not light a fire. All vowed to have no more night work. The paper and matches soaked. Lord Milton went to sleep almost instantly, but Messiter very kindly by my advice roused him up and gave him a dry flannel shirt.

Thursday, July 31st — In camp

Awakened about 11. (Messiter's watch stopped; had to guess at time.) Nearly dried by the sun, but feeling very chewed up. Messiter also turned out and endeavoured to get fire by firing rag from a gun tinder, but could not manage a flame. Gave up in despair after working at it for an hour and set to work to clean guns and revolvers which were in a mass of rust. Turned out all our things into the sun to dry, which fortunately came out very hot. At 1 P.M. our Columbian friend again appeared. He had managed to keep everything dry except caps with which we supplied him. He in return supplied matches and we soon had a fire. Told us that we had passed some halfbreed huts about 6 miles off, and that they had two good canoes and were willing to go with anyone. Messiter and I therefore called Lord Milton, and after dinner set out in his little canoe to see if we could not get a better than our leaky one, and also a man to assist and go along with us. After paddling some 9 miles up stream (awful hard work) and finding nothing but a deserted Sauteaux camp, we returned much disappointed. Shot two ducks, but they escaped us and we returned to supper and found Lord Milton with everything ready. No fresh meat now for two days. Turned in about 10.

CHAPTER TWO

**August 1862: To Fort Garry and thence to
the Indian country West of Portage**



Old Fort Garry

Friday, August 1st — In camp on the banks of the Red River

Fine hot day. Cleaning up and tarring canoes. Lord Milton finishes his by dark. I try to catch fish, but only get one small goldeye which I present to Lord Milton. No fresh meat. Frying pan handle breaks off and we have to use cleft stick. Break the bill-hook. Little pork left; a few pounds of flour. Turn in intending to start after tarring our canoe in the morning.

Saturday, August 2nd — Still in camp

Awakened about 4 A.M. by distant thunder. Quickly grew into a storm almost as terrible as the one on Thursday. Having the previous day laid our waterproofs with the opening up-hill, the water got in and soaked our beds, the rain being tremendously heavy. About 9, the storm subsided and we turned out very soaked and miserable, having, however, managed to keep powder and matches dry. "Lend me a hand to wring my trousers", was the order of the day. Thanks to the Columbian's gift were enabled to get a fire which did not, however, burn very brightly. Managed to boil some coffee and fry some pork, a small portion of which and some little flour being all our provisions.

Made a stalk after a duck up the creek, but only got a long shot; made good practice with ball, only two inches off her. Set into pitching canoe using remnants of two cambric handkerchiefs; during this I providently set a fishing line with piece of pork and tied to a stick. To our delight find large fish caught on it, which turns out to be a 9 or 10 lb. pike in very good condition, and a most acceptable addition to our stock.

To our intense disgust rain again came on about 5 P.M. We left our boat and enveloped ourselves in waterproofs. Fires went out. Water gets into waterproofs—wretched night.

Sunday, August 3rd — On the Red River

Lent Messiter my dry blanket last night, as all his were wet. Consequently wet and starved to death. Heard all round lowing within a few hundred yards at daybreak. Load with ball and set out after them leaving

the other two to sleep. Follow the sounds up wind along the river bank. I approached with the greatest caution, listening and moving on without noise, when I heard a bellow apparently within 20 yards of me but could see nothing. It was down wind, and as all sounds ceased I presume that they passed me coming from the water, and getting down wind, scented me and bolted. I found the tracks but could not catch sight of the animals. Return much disappointed at having missed so good a chance, make the fire, call the others.

Finish canoe, start at 1 P.M. Can't see a duck or goose—only tail of pike and two cakes left. Messiter despondent. Calculate four or five days more may bring us to Pembina. Fearfully hungry. I throw a line out of the boat and catch two goldeyes viewed by all with eager anticipation of supper. Only one cake can be allowed in addition. Camp at sundown. Small supper, but comfortable tent. Bone of pork left at last camping place.

Monday, August 4th — On the Red River

Messiter up first about 7 A.M. Remains of pike and small piece of our last cake for breakfast. I save some of mine for the long day and chance of not seeing game. On, on, on—paddle, paddle, paddle. Awfully empty, especially Messiter who ate his allowance first. Lord Milton then wishes to stop. Shoot a half-grown duck without mercy. Persuade Lord Milton to struggle on. About 4 P.M. see some geese. A yell of delight and furious chase, although before were pulling very languidly and hardly speaking a word. Kill three. Soon after I shoot a duck.

Land at wooded place to empty small canoe. Signs of recent presence of someone (fresh cut wood, etc.), but not since the rain. Can not see a hut. Lord Milton wishes to stay. Persuade again to go on. Soon come upon a lot of ducks, kill six and two more geese. Fine supply, not before needed. Go on till 5 P.M. Light a fire as quickly as possible, and then set to work plucking geese and ducks. Make a roaring fire and roast them on sticks. Lord Milton and Messiter eat a goose apiece, and I three ducks. Nothing with them but Harvey sauce and salt—no bread or vegetables, but manage

to stay our stomachs. Make up the fire, pluck ducks for breakfast. Pipes, and bed under tent. Messiter very anxious for steamer.

Tuesday, August 5th — On steamer "International" on the Red River

Awakened about 5 A.M. by steamer sound, jump up and call the others. Messiter turns over with an "all right", but on perfectly understanding the fact, jumps up in frantic delight. Lord Milton and self much more philosophical. Call out to the Captain who had already caught sight of canoes. Stops and takes on board us and all trappings. Expected we had got to Fort Garry.

Such a breakfast—wonderful! Do. dinner and tea. Cleaned guns and pistols. My revolver full of rust, and one spring broken which is not to be mended until Fort Garry. Good wash and luxury of clean clothes. Find all luggage safe on board, and (dogs) Druid and Sailor in good condition. Dress Lord Milton's foot with splinter in it.

Wednesday, August 6th — Pembina

Arrive at Pembina about 11 A.M. Two or three houses. Half-breeds and huts. Find our half-breed of whom we hired the large canoe and who had come by land with mails. Wants five dollars for return of canoe to Georgetown. Offer two-and-a-half, for which it can return by steamer. Takes it and chuckles over bargain tremendously. All day rewriting pencilled log. In splendid health and very jolly. Appetites but little abated. Stewart thankful for ducks and geese, as they are rather short of provisions.

Thursday, August 7th — Arrival at Fort Garry

Came a tremendous crack against a rock yesterday evening and broke one of the binding chains; can be easily repaired. Stick fast innumerable times. Lord Milton's legs very much inflamed from the effects of the sun, and covered with small boils. Dressed them with Moss' ointment and recommended rest. Pil. Col. Coqr. Quinine, and port after. This morning

stuck fast for an hour on two rocks, stem and stern. Messiter sick in the night from over-eating after the fast. Lord Milton and myself both have dyspepsia from same cause.

Arrived at Fort Garry about 2 P.M. The fort very superior to Abercrombie or Georgetown. Good stone wall enclosure flanked by round towers; port holes glazed; offices, store and governor's house inside. La Ronde (*métis who accompanied O'Rea's search expedition for Sir John Franklin.—ED.*) comes on board. Prepossessing appearance; delighted to see Lord Milton again. Decide to camp in tent near his house. Luggage across in ferry boat. La Ronde ready to go with Lord Milton anywhere. Fall hunt does not go for a month. La Ronde killed 40 (buffalo) cows in spring hunt, from which he has just returned.

Too late to call on (Governor) McTavish. Fort at junction of Assiniboine and Red Rivers. Good white houses. Settlement 20 or 30 miles along river. Nunnery. Hudson's Bay store always full. Pretty good port and sherry. Lord Milton's leg worse; order perfect rest and cold water bandage, quinine and port wine. After tea turn in.

Friday, August 8th — Fort Garry

Breakfast in La Ronde's house. Lord Milton with numerous boils, leg worse. After pipe go to fort and deliver introduction to McTavish. Very civil. Prescribe for his servant, down with English cholera. Mr. Smith introduces himself. Executive officer. Takes me in his light cart to see a patient three miles off. Call at post office, printing office, and office of the "Nor-wester". No letters. Find Archdeacon Hunter there; introduced.

Mr. Smith drives against a post, and with his daughter tumbles out under the wheel. I remain in cart, not hurt. Drive on to Mr. Preedon's. Son got abscess in kidney. Old boy very hospitable; cold roast beef delicious. Left England at 13. A chief factor of Hudson's Bay Company. Knows Saskatchewan. Killed six grizzly bears. Tells of canoe party arranging canoes around, and lighting fires in centre. Grizzly jumps boats and fire, carries off a man like a baby in arms. Another hearing his cries jumps up and sees what takes place. Calls out, but can not fire for fear of hitting

other. Bear drops one and rushes at second man, who wounds him mortally, but seized by bear and dreadfully bitten in arm. Indian nearby was blinded and scalp torn over eyes by stroke of grizzly's paw.

Port wine and pipe with Dr. Bird who comes up, then walk back. Overtaken by thunderstorm and drenched. Resolved to go on a month's hunt in plains at once, then return here and start for Saskatchewan. Things at fort store dear, and Messiter frantic with many preparations and packings. Half-breeds and drunken Indians. Tom-tom going all night.

Saturday, August 9th — Fort Garry

Prepare for first short expedition. Messiter and I take dug-out down river, bring back 28 lbs. of lead, etc. Very hard work; swear at one another. Box-mending five shillings. See patient at fort. Chalk and opium. Go to bed early. Thunderstorm comes on, brilliant lightning and heavy rain. None of us can sleep. Get up and smoke. Long argument with Messiter on use of "damn it". Discuss trip. Conclude that we have no time for first. Will ask La Ronde if we can get running on way to Saskatchewan, and in that case start for there at once. La Ronde promised to look at horses at church.

Sunday, August 10th — Fort Garry

Not up until 10 A.M. Cathedral four miles off across Assiniboine. Dressed Lord Milton's boils, foot, and whitlow. Went to fort for linseed meal, found patient nearly well. McTavish treated us to beer and cheroots, gave us loaf of bread, and poultices. Wrote log and idled about all afternoon. In evening, half-breed brought runner for Messiter to look at—white-legged, white-faced, low shouldered, low legged, stilting pony of 14 hands. Has reputation of first-rate runner. La Ronde says it is "très bon" for buffalo. Half-breed wants 30 pounds. Messiter after much bargaining gives 27. Devilish little to look at for the money. Large travelling saddle nearly hides it.

Monday, August 11th — Fort Garry

Went to the fort after breakfast. Messiter already there. Purchased a horse for 30 pounds, having given one pound to be off his bargain of last evening. The best-looking animal we have seen and goes pretty freely, but La Ronde says it is no use after the first mile being very short-winded, and also keeps its flesh badly. Tried the horse recommended to me by La Ronde, a strong looking beast some 14.2 hands, with one rather crooked foreleg, but warranted sound, and to go up to buffalo well and stand fire. Goes pretty well, though rather sluggish. Gave 20 pounds for it and think I have a good bargain.

See my patients who are all improving satisfactorily, make out a list of necessities at the fort store, and return to tea and bed. Ordered 3 cwt. flour, 1 cwt. pemmican, 8 gallons rum, 20 lbs. tobacco, 22 lbs. powder, 56 lbs. shot, 32 ball, one blanket, one buffalo robe, 20 lbs. tea, 10 lbs. coffee, 14 lbs. salt, 3 lbs. peper, two yards duffle, one pair beaverteen trousers. Also of Madame La Ronde 12 pairs moccasins, one caribou skin hunting shirt, one pair moose skin breeches and leggings.

Tuesday, August 12th — Fort Garry

After breakfast another horse brought for Messiter to look at, a good sized, well-made horse, rather lean and long-backed, but the best goer we have seen. Rather hard-mouthed. Want 30 pounds for it. Messiter offers 25, which they eventually take. Then to the store and make agreements with La Ronde and (Toussaint) Voudrie: 12 pounds a month to the former, and 30 pounds in advance to leave with his family; 4 pounds a month to the latter, and 8 pounds in advance. After return have a fierce argument with Messiter as to salvation of savages. He ended up by using very ungentlemanly language, for which he soon after apologized, and all right again. Take to letter writing.

Wednesday, August 13th — Fort Garry

Messiter slept last night in his own little tent, and—alas!—took his mosquito net with him. Lord Milton and myself consequently spent a very

unhappy night tormented by mosquitoes. I did not doze off until daybreak, and then obliged to wrap my head in a flannel shirt so that I was nearly stifled. The enemy, however, succeeded in taking advantage of my unconsciousness and I awoke itching and swollen from a hundred bites on my face and hands. Spent the morning in drawing up agreements with the men and getting them signed. La Ronde brought Jean Baptiste Vital, one who had been out with Palliser, and in whose hunting, guiding and fighting powers he had so much confidence that he agreed, if we would only take him (Vital) at the 6 pounds a month which he required, he himself (La Ronde) would take 11 pounds per month instead of the 12 as we first agreed with him. So settled. In the afternoon had a patient with chronic bronchitis. My deficient French very awkward. Messiter casts bullets, Lord Milton arranges his boxes. I made up medicine, write log and letters.

Thursday, August 14th — Fort Garry

Last night made a small fire in a hole in the ground inside the tent. When it had burnt up well, placed sods over it. Filled the tent with smoke and kept it till morning, effectively settling the mosquitoes. This morning tried to take an observation at noon, but found the sun still too high for an artificial horizon. Went to the fort, and had a cigar and glass of beer with McTavish, and a Mr. Griffin (a Hudson's Bay man, I fancy) who had been over the Rocky Mountains into Columbia. He recommended the lower pass to Columbia River, too far south of Cariboo for us. Bought another skin for breeches, saw two patients, returned to dinner, and afterwards smoked a pipe over Shakespeare. Black flies made their appearance. A fire lighted for the horses. Messiter makes bullets. Lord Milton buys cart horse for seven pounds, and makes up leaf tobacco bought at Chicago. Found that the bishop had left cards at the fort for Lord Milton and myself.

Friday, August 15th — Fort Garry

Saw patients, packed boxes, cleaned gun and pistols until dinner. After that got up in last clean collar, black coat and waistcoat, hobnail boots and clean shirt, to call on bishop. Lord Milton in cords and boots,

our most respectable costume. Walked to the fort, called on McTavish, and borrowed two horses on which we rode to the palace, a little square white house, well furnished. Garden untidy like all others. Bishop and sister plain, homely people, very kind. Stayed for tea. Talked over English news. Heard of Archdeacon Mackenzie's death. Report of Prince of Wales passing by this route to Columbia. Returned home after dark.

Saturday, August 16th — Fort Garry

Fetches to view body of man found dead, and supposed killed by horse he had gone to fetch from prairie. Small lacerated wound on left temple, large discoloration of crown of head. Found lying forward. Then to the fort. Bought harness. Looked over list at fort store, returned to dinner. Afterwards, Lord Milton went to fort store to arrange list. Messiter took my saddle to Driver's store to exchange for Indian pad. I made revolver bullets. Got 35 shillings and pad for saddle. Messiter offers 15 shillings and his robe for the one I got at Fort in the morning. I decline.

Sunday, August 17th — Fort Garry

Fetches after breakfast to see youth of 17 across river in epileptic fit. Had them for five years. Thread worms; prescribe accordingly. Messiter starts on Jack for church. I remain to write letters and log, having no clean linen.

Messiter returns unshrived, having arrived two hours too soon and finding it too hot to wait.

Monday, August 18th — Fort Garry

Find Lord Dunmore, Colonel Cowper and Captain Thynne at the fort, intent on going with McKay to South Saskatchewan for buffalo and grizzly bear. Introduced. Settle with Bannatyne and buy horse for nine pounds. Fetch away carts. Look over list at store. Find my horse very sluggish and stumbling, but La Ronde gives it so good a character that I resolve to keep it. Lord Milton buys "La Grande Rouge". Messiter falls in love with Vital's bay.

Tuesday, August 19th — Fort Garry

Load cart and settle bill at fort store. La Ronde gets screwed and tells me in confidence that when he said something about my carts, Lord Milton said, "Damn the Doctor's carts", which he thought very wrong and his duty to tell me. Very silly, laughing at nothing, and very confidential. Pack boxes.

Wednesday, August 20th — Fort Garry

Go to the store as usual in the morning, see patients. Lord Milton packing. In the evening to the Bishop's. He and sister very hospitable. Meet Dunmore and party. Only other guest Mr. Black, new judge. Turkey, veal and beef, two bottles port. Stay rather late. Lord Milton sits with Miss La Ronde until 1 A.M. fixing hunting shirt.

Thursday, August 21st — Fort Garry

Transfer things across river to carts. Severely chaffed at fort. Egg Lord Milton on; all ready by night to start myself, Messiter also. Patients. Camp west of Assiniboine.

Friday, August 22nd — Fort Garry

Very anxious to be off. English cholera. Lord Milton all day packing. Look on, take Pulv. Cretu cum Opio, and smoke. Lord Milton finds he requires another cart. Other party off at 4 A.M.

Messiter tells me capital punishment abolished in settlement, last murderer condemned to 10 months imprisonment. Petition got up and sentence commuted to three months. Worked at harness-making and potted much money during term.

Saturday, August 23rd — Westward-bound at last

Up at 7 A.M. Bill. Go to fort to McTavish for change for it; grants it as a personal favour but complains of Lord Milton's abuse of Company. I make the best of it. Go to dinner ready to sail immediately after. Shall we ever?

Find the carts ready and start (!) at 4 P.M. Nine miles to Sturgeon Creek, camp there. Called in to see Mr. Rowand. Albuminaria anusacea. Stout man. Pretty, white, wood house picked out with green. Garden. Best place we have seen at Red River Settlement. New feeling riding alongside caravan.

Sunday, August 24th — Through Red River Settlement

Find that one of Messiter's oxen has bolted in the night. Send Voudrie to fort on horseback to seek it in pouring rain. There having been thunder, lightning and heavy rain nearly all night, about noon it cleared up. Voudrie returned without tidings of missing ox. Athanase Bruneau sent off on grey. Go and look for ducks with La Ronde up the creek; kill a couple. Dine. Tremendously hot; go to bathe; kill ducks. Messiter exchanges oxen for horses on the chance of the other turning up. Bruneau returns without any tidings, at dark.

Monday, August 25th — Through Red River Settlement

Messiter gets two little horses for oxen and two pounds, the man to find the missing one. If not found, Messiter to give another on return from Saskatchewan. About seven miles and then stay for dinner. Lots of ducks; Messiter and I kill about six. On a few miles, and camp close to Romish Chapel and River Assiniboine. La Ronde gets permission to go to a wedding. Call on the judge who treats us to very good brandy and water.

Tuesday, August 26th — Through Red River Settlement

Up at 7 A.M. La Ronde comes in very screwed, goes off again. Get carts ready. La Ronde comes back almost helpless, goes to sleep in mud. Ready; find he is fast asleep in a lodge; leave him and his horse and set off. Messiter very wroth. Travel about four miles and then turn off to see wedding party. Get raisin pastry, beef and tea. Great number of guests. Two fiddlers. Dance a cross between lancers and quadrille; much double shuffle. Bride very pretty, pensive-looking. Lord Milton dances, Messiter and I decline. Get former away with difficulty from his amusement.

Voudrie swears that no water for 15 miles and that we must camp here till next day as the horses are done!

Find the men at the fort half a mile further on; all say no more to be done that day. Lot of drunken half-breeds collect round us and insist on treating us to corn whiskey. Messiter very angry. We call on Mr. Lane, Company's officer at the fort, to inquire the truth. He says road by the river good and shorter. Determine to go on to get away from place. La Ronde turns up very misty just after we start; penitent. Rover missing. Messiter goes back. Shortly after, Lord Milton and La Ronde turn back to wedding party, ostensibly to see Rover. Messiter meets them and returns. Rover comes up directly after. We go on, find roads very bad, and camp after about five miles. Milton and La Ronde turn up at dusk.

Wednesday, August 27th — Through Red River Settlement

On the way in the morning, Milton and Messiter quarrel tremendously and threaten to fight. I ride between and expostulate; quieten down. La Ronde rather sulky, penitent. Travel about 10 miles, camp by swamp near a few houses. Exchange a stone of flour for butter and eggs with half-breed. Finding carts too heavy. Long hot journey; no water for 14 miles. Swamps full of ducks. Difficult to get near, the water being dried up except toward centre. After heavy thrashing through mud and reeds for some four miles I get two ducks; the rest don't turn out.

Thursday, August 28th — To limit of Red River Settlement at Fort Portage

Another long hot journey to camping place by swamp for dinner. Milton and I turn in to a house nearby to ask for milk. Find old Scotch woman and granddaughter very kind; give us good bread and milk. Descendants of Black Douglas and therefore fraternizes with Milton. Want us to stay all night and promises to give us linen not used since she left Scotland 26 years ago. Only just migrated from Canada. Came up Red River with 200 Columbian emigrants. Request Captain Noble at Pembina to haul down Stars and Stripes and hoist Union Jack. He declines. Next

morning dishcloth flying instead at Pembina; run down American flag and hoist British with grand salute of firearms. Old woman much delighted. Very pleased to see us; saw face for first time in a week. Only seven whites in that part of Settlement. Good furniture and two looking-glasses.

Went forward and camped near fort (Portage). Went out and shot ducks in evening. A number of Sauteux crowded round camp and supped with us on invitation. Fifty miles from Fort Garry, 64 the way we came.

Friday, August 29th — On the prairie

Left at 7 A.M., and after doing some 14 miles camped near a swamp. Dined off pemmican and Worcester sauce, and then moved on two miles to another swamp and stopped for night. Chain of swamps and many ducks. Messiter and I got out. I kill five and lose all, Messiter brings home three. At dark Voudrie fancied he heard Indians prowling around. Drive in the horses close to camp, iron hobbles for Tom and La Grande Rouge. La Ronde loads with ball and watches. No more heard. In Indian territory since last fort, and have seen the last of houses for many a long day.

Saturday, August 30th — On the prairie

Made a good start at 6.30 A.M. Did about 10 miles before dinner. Camped at swamp. Milton kills three prairie chickens on the way, and I spot a duck. On again through an undulating country with scattered copses of white poplar, red willow and wild roses. Gentianella. Very pretty camp on a little wooded stream with delicious clear water, a great treat after the nauseous swamp water previously. Write up log. A long discussion whether it is Saturday or Sunday, decided by La Ronde in favour of former. Cook ham for Sunday dinner. Milton makes Pembina jam.

Sunday, August 31st — On the prairie

About 12 miles forward to Pine Creek, through undulating prairie and scrubs. The men set good example after dinner by adjourning to prayers. On way to Pine Creek, in the morning, passed half-breed's grave with rude cross at the head. Also buffalo skull memento of La Ronde's

success while driving Company's train five years before, when he killed three, all they met. After dining, some 10 miles to a very pretty lake, up some height and surrounded by trees, a very jolly camping ground.

On way in afternoon all expostulated with Vital concerning his continually riding in the cart, which the other two do not. Very surly; would not understand that we did not wish him to walk all day, but occasionally. Said he had agreed to ride only. We said never made such arrangement. In the evening have a shot at some teal, very wild. Vital very surlily smoking and assisting the others very little. I observe him arranging his bag, and it crosses my mind that he may bolt, but say nothing thinking it unlikely as we are so far from settlements and he does not like pedestrian exercise. Retire after mushroom supper.

CHAPTER THREE

**September 1862: From the Indian country West of Portage
to Carlton House on North Saskatchewan River**



Westward

Monday, September 1st — On the prairie

Just awake when Voudrie comes to the tent and informs us that Vital "est parti". Hardly surprised, but much vexed. La Ronde very indignant and calls him thief, stating that he will have his month and a half wages in advance back from him and take it as part of his own pay. In the night Messiter, having nightmares from mushrooms, jumped up under the impression that Indians were in the tent, rushed out shouting and seized Voudrie. La Ronde, sleeping under cart, jumped up and broke head against bottom of cart. General turn-out. Messiter chaffed by all.

Start off, the men joking greatly at Vital's expense; La Ronde saying that he believed his experience with Palliser had funk'd him from any more acquaintance with Blackfeet, and the others that he had never rested since he left, being extremely anxious to return to his Indian wife.

Just before noon, having accomplished 14 miles, we met a train from Carlton. The head man returned with us to camping ground near a swamp, and bore back a letter from La Ronde to his "cher père", acquainting him with Vital's rascally conduct, and with a postscript, inserted by the express desire of Bruneau and Voudrie, to the effect that they were well and much pleased with their masters. Gave the man some rum for his trouble, and La Ronde went back with him to see if he could induce a man to leave the train and take Vital's place. We proceeded forward about 7 or 8 miles and encamped by a swamp. La Ronde turned up just before dusk bringing with him a loutish lad of 18 (Zear), the only one he could get, they being very reluctant to turn back so near to Red River after a long absence. Five £ a month the lowest terms.

At dark another train turned up and camped close to us. Presently the head man came over with a letter from Lord Dunmore to Milton saying he was laid up with jaundice, would be glad of my advice, and would wait our arrival there. I came to the conclusion that it would be only right to set out at once on horseback, ahead of the carts, to his assistance. Messiter immediately volunteered to accompany me. Lord Milton, finding I was bent on going ahead, said he would go also, and we all resolved to start early next morning. La Ronde told us there was plenty

of water on the road, and that we might do it in two days' fast travelling, whereas the carts would take at least four.

Tuesday, September 2nd — On the prairie

Took necessary medicines and set out with Messiter about 9 A.M., sacks tied behind the saddle containing blanket, coffee pot, and cup. Milton remained behind, not having equipped so rapidly, and intending to ride fast and overtake us, he carrying on his saddle tea, salt, rum. We had two cakes of *galette* each, trusting to our guns for fresh meat. After about two miles, Messiter's sack persisting to swing over to one side and nearly pulling the pad off, he returned for his English saddle and I continued at a foot's pace. Came upon a large covey of prairie chickens sunning themselves on a mound. Killed three but, having no dog, only found one. Further on came upon a large number of snipe and killed one with each barrel. Messiter here joined me and fired seven or eight barrels, but the snipe being in smaller flocks he only got one, much to his disgust. About five or seven miles on, Lord Milton came up at a gallop, fully equipped with cavalry saddle and all appurtenances. Forward at about four miles an hour until camped near a swamp. Cooked snipe which were delicious, and I and Messiter made a vow to devote ourselves to them for the future.

Killed four ducks after dinner and proceeded. At sundown camped near a large swamp with smaller ones near, enlarged the horses and cooked ducks for supper. Lord Milton had forgotten his *galette*, which made rather short commons. Afterwards, I felt uneasy about the horses and persuaded Messiter to go with me to look after them and drive them up near the camp. Looked in vain for some time, but after following the road back for about a mile I descried them. Tom and the grey without hobbles, and mine and Darius with them on the point of coming off. Collared mine and Darius and then had a chivy of half a mile before we could get hold of Tom and the grey. At last returned safe to camp. Milton in bed and given us up. Hobbled them all afresh very tightly, and turned them beyond us so that we were between them and the road, in a narrow space with the

lake on one side and thick trees on the other. About half an hour after we turned in they made a rush. I jumped out of bed and turned them back. Shortly after they made another rush and succeeded in getting past, and I left them to their own devices. Calculate to have done 27 miles.

Wednesday, September 3rd — To Shoal Lake

Turned out about 5 A.M., found the horses near, with hobbles all right. Had rum and water, ham and *galette* with Messiter, Milton waiting behind to light a fire and boil his favourite beverage. Rather disgusted we did not likewise, but we are too intent on going ahead from 6 A.M. to noon and then camp for dinner. Messiter uses up his powder and shot at ducks; I have about eight charges left.

Dine at swamp and proceed about 2 P.M. On, shooting prairie chickens, to the Shoal Lake, and camp there on a small hill near a wood covered with marks of old camp fires, the skulls of numberless ducks and geese. The Shoal Lake very pretty, hills covered with trees around, beach sandy, water clear and good. A flock of geese came past us and I killed one, distance 68 yards. Wanted a supper and just obtained it in time. In the night, rain came up and it became very cold. Milton jumped up and seized some wood which he took to bed with him for morning fire. Covered 38 miles.

***Thursday, September 4th — To Fort Ellice, on
Assiniboine River***

Very cold and raw morning. Turned the other two out who were very reluctant to show a leg. Messiter and I fetched horses to water, Milton busy getting a fire. Messiter and I had a little rum and water with goose, no *galette*. Didn't wait for tea but started immediately about 7 A.M., leaving Milton to follow, and he caught us up in about two hours. Found fresh signs of waggons and horses, and my Indian horse (*Bucephalus*) began to sniff the air, prick his ears, and evince an alacrity to go forward quite unusual to it. Finding the signs grow fresher, we went forward at a gallop and soon came in sight of about 20 waggons. Found they were

bound for Fort Ellice. Ask for some *galette*, but they had none. One man gave me some pemmican as we were out of food, and nearly ammunition.

Went on slowly with them till they camped, when we cooked our geese and ducks and boiled our tea at their fire. They told us we might reach Fort Ellice that night if we travelled quick. Hurried off, and cantered ahead over some respectable hills, through Birdtail Creek and another, and at about half an hour before sundown descried the Assiniboine and a building on the opposite side of the valley on the hill which we took for the fort. On arriving at the river we descried a scow moored on the opposite side. According to La Ronde's directions fired two shots, waited some time, but no one came from the fort. At last two half-breeds came up on our side of the river. One volunteered to wade over and fetch the scow, which he did. It proved half full of water, the logs which covered the bottom floating about. Messiter got in with his two horses; aground; push off; sinks at one end and goes to the bottom, not very deep. Messiter and his horses floundering about amongst floating logs and big stones. Messiter frantic, horses becoming frightened and unmanageable. At last get them back to shore, Milton and I looking on from the bank. Decided to try where the man had waded across. Crept with horses along a shelving bank for about 50 yards, and crossed. Messiter first with his two horses, got into deep mud, and almost lost the grey. Milton and I took warning, crept along water's edge plunging into a few deep holes, and at last all scrambled up perpendicular bank and got onto the track again. Followed it along the valley for a mile, then turned into a very steep, stony path which our horses scrambled up with some difficulty. Found the building was a new fort now being erected, the old one being still a mile and a half further, as some freemen informed us whose lodges we passed. Arrive at fort. Gates closed. Make a great hullabaloo. Doors open; drunken Indian, with only breechcloth on, immediately seizes my hand with friendly shake. The factor, Mr. Mackay, appears without shoes or stockings. He had gone to bed having no candles made, and just before been aroused by drunken Indian. Provides us with dried meat and *galette*, and makes us bed on floor with blanket from store.

Find Dunmore and party had left three days before. A note from him to Milton stating that he was better and had resolved to risk it. Rather provoking to us after our forced marches to his relief. Turn in tired and sleepy, having ridden some 40 to 45 miles.

Friday, September 5th — Fort Ellice

Did not appear at breakfast until 9 A.M., then took a turn toward new fort to see that, and view some Indian and half-breed lodges. Half-breeds just driven in from Fall hunt by Sioux, who killed one man, two women, and a boy, surprising them whilst cutting firewood. The half-breeds however rallied, and drove off Sioux, killing one whose quiver, bow and arrows they showed us. After dinner to a new lodge beyond fort. Go in and smoke. Nicely painted on outside with number of men killed and seen killed by owner and brother. Milton takes a great fancy to the lodge. In the next one a man groaning and much hurt about head in drunken squabble. At night the train we passed arrived, the lady who accompanied it turning out to be Mrs. Mackay.

Saturday, September 6th — Fort Ellice

Get up rather late and spend the day idling about. Indians and squaws come into fort, especially about meal times, and squat in corner. Mackay kind in giving food and tobacco. Says he makes many bad debts with them, often lends them carts and horses for plain hunt. Many drunk. Hudson's Bay Company abolished liquor traffic except at Fort Garry, but many private traders with alcohol and water. Blind Assiniboine and wife sing war song on death of Sioux. At dusk La Ronde arrives. Two carts had broken down, and he had to buy axles with rum. Carts have gone forward between Assiniboine and Qu'Appelle Rivers.

Sunday, September 7th — Fort Ellice

In the morning ride over to camp with the horses which were becoming very thin with bad pasturage. Get money to pay for my new wheels which are required. Return towards evening, get new wheels, very good

for 35 shillings. Milton takes a plated calumet pipe and gun to bargain for lodge. Indian agrees to sell for calumet and a cart-cover to shelter family until he can make new lodge. Wish to settle with Mr. Mackay, but he wishes us to stay another night, not liking to traffic on Sunday.

Monday, September 8th — On the prairie again

Ride off with Messiter after breakfast to camp, leaving Milton to await La Ronde whom we were to send with horses for lodge. Old Rouge strayed away; expect to find him returned to camp. Find carts have gone forward. On the way Messiter and I argue about weights on each horse. He loses temper and calls me a fool. I set into him very coolly and demonstrate the ungentlemanliness of his language. Very angry at first, but cools down and makes apology. Find men and carts about three miles on; two more axles have broken. La Ronde and Voudrie return to fort for Milton and lodge, and to seek Old Rouge over whose loss La Ronde is very disconsolate. Spend afternoon stitching up, repairing, writing log, etc. Milton and other two don't return.

Tuesday, September 9th — On the prairie

Milton and La Ronde don't reappear. Afraid the old horse can not be found. About noon they turn up, with the missing horse found this morning just at the back of the fort, Milton having offered £2 reward. After dinner, about 2 P.M., we started. Messiter and I each sent a small present of cap charges, etc., Milton his silver cup to Mackay for his kindness and hospitality, he refusing to accept anything for our four days' entertainment. Calculate we did 12 miles, going on until sundown. I walked ahead of the carts with Messiter and spotted three brace of prairie chickens. Turned in rather tired, sleeping under the carts with lodge cover thrown over.

Wednesday, September 10th — On the prairie

Very cold on turning out about 6.30 A.M. Water freezing and very little washing done. Away at 8.30 A.M. I walked ahead of the carts alone

and got plenty of prairie hens to look at, but very wild and only bagged a brace before dinner. Messiter ditto. La Ronde a lot of ducks; pot shots. After dinner a brace of chickens and six ducks, two very beautiful green-winged teal. Day fine and hazy. Alternately scrub and prairie, with copses of willow and poplar; occasional swamps. Came to very pretty glen with stream at bottom. Autumn tints very fine. Half-way between Fort Garry and Carlton now. Set up Milton's new lodge for first time. Voted very comfortable.

Thursday, September 11th — On the prairie

Through similar country. Fine sunny weather, cold frosty night. Water in pails frozen one third of an inch. Ducks abundant. Numerous swamps. Killed 10 ducks and one brace of prairie chickens. Toward evening got amongst park-like scenery, copses and undulating prairie. Camped in evening near swamp.

Walked all day as since leaving Fort Ellice, Bucephalus' back being much galled with forced march. Our men much astonished at any one walking who has a horse to ride. Remonstrate with me: "All right, monsieur—Indian horses always so—not hurt him". Larded prairie fowl to supper voted excellent. Think we did 20 miles.

Friday, September 12th — On the prairie

Up very late. Milton not responding at all to the call to turn out. Nose bleeding in night destroyed his rest. Messiter angry and vows he will set forth alone with carts and Voudrie. Won't come off. Away about 9 A.M. I walk on. Country as yesterday. Kill a couple of teal, and Messiter coming up, we come upon a great number of prairie fowl, some 20 brace. I bag two-and-a-half brace, Messiter one. We lost two brace which Rover would not find in the copse, having been licked for running in. At 5 P.M. comes on very cloudy and drops of rain begin to fall. Camped therefore at first water, little pond among copses, and ran up lodge. Rain however kept off. Wrote log and cut tobacco.

Saturday, September 13th — Confined to camp by weather

Rain in early morning. Waited. Rain increased and clouds so threatening that we remained in camp. Lodge very useful now. All sat talking in lodge. Told our men of the size of London, the "Great Eastern", the pace of our railways, and the small time it takes to sail 2,000 miles to England, and excited intense astonishment. Milton writes up journal a month in arrears. Messiter and I play All Fours. Very long day.

Sunday, September 14th — On the prairie

Started about 8 A.M. Fine misty morning, frosty. Boil coming on knee. Walk in morning, and shoot ducks and prairie hens as usual. In afternoon ride in cart on account of leg. Very slow. Country rolling prairie.

Monday, September 15th — On the prairie

Rode in cart all day. Rolling prairie and copses; innumerable swamps, lakes and ducks. No large wood. Ducks—pemmican—galette—and ring the changes. Mackenzie River speculation set on foot.

Tuesday, September 16th — On the prairie

Leg nearly right. Ride on horseback morning, walk afternoon. Usual shooting of five or six brace of ducks and chickens. In fine health and rare appetites. Messiter after ducks, finds skunk. Rover, bedewed, goes howling into bushes. Messiter shoots skunk slightly, and Rover goes in pluckily and finishes it. Skinned and eaten—smell pervades everything. About 23 miles.

Wednesday, September 17th — On the prairie

Messiter and I give great yells to rouse camp about 6 A.M. Off at about 8 A.M. Shooting as usual. Messiter runs timber wolf and gets fall off the grey amongst badger holes. Not hurt. I pull up and observe the chase. Wolf disappears. Rover refuses to fetch any more ducks on account of cold. Licked and won't do anything; sees fox and won't hunt it. About 18 miles.

***Thursday, September 18th — At abandoned Touchwood
Hills House***

Frosty night as usual. Day cold, windy, cloudy; a little hail. Rolling prairie, rounded hills, copses, innumerable lakes and ducks. Can't get many, Rover having declined business. My horse requires discipline, having intense objection to leaving carts. At sundown come upon Touchwood Hills. Old fort in pretty situation. Autumn tints at sunset very fine. Encamp just beyond fort at pretty lake with round wooded island in centre, very like a miniature Derwentwater. Strong resolutions made to rise earlier. Mackenzie River trip still talked of.

Friday, September 19th — On the prairie

A most miserable, gaunt, Indian-looking dog made its appearance in the camp this morning. Skin and bone, probably lost from train or left behind on changing to new fort. Ate greedily of pemmican, and we induced it to come with us thinking it might be useful as train dog. The rest as usual.

Saturday, September 20th — On the prairie

Country principally bare, level prairie. Ducks, etc., as usual. La Ronde kills another skunk with beautiful skin, which commences Milton's hunt. Travelled very fast, horses at jog trot most of the time. At last my old horse very done and hardly able to get along till sundown (25 miles).

Sunday, September 21st — On the prairie

Messiter and I afraid we have caught the itch from our boy. Pray for sulphur at Carlton. Then set good example by saying prayers. I shoot a beautiful small black-and-white duck with green crest. La Ronde says he has never seen one like it before. Milton therefore kindly skins it for me. About 20 miles.

Monday, September 22nd — On the prairie

A most unlucky day. I commence by burning my boots and socks which were drying by the lodge fire. After starting with Messiter to walk

ahead I find I have lost the top of the shot bag Milton lent me. I then miss five ducks in succession, and fire three barrels at snipe without success. I give up shooting and rejoin the carts. See a badger running along the road in front of me. Milton and I give chase. I get within 30 yards and give him a charge of No. 3; it turns animal over and it stops and grins at me. Other barrel not loaded from losing shot bag. I run after it and turn it repeatedly trying to cram in a charge of buck in gun. Voudrie comes up and hits it over nose with switch, but it succeeds in getting to earth—to my chagrin, as I hoped to begin my hunt. Rain coming on. Camp about 5.30 P.M., having made a short day.

Tuesday, September 23rd — On the prairie

Over long tract of rolling prairie past several salt lakes. Stopped to dine at one of them. Water very nasty. In the morning Messiter, chivying two wolves on the grey, got a tremendous pad on his head, from the horse falling on its nose in dog holes. Not hurt. At night, La Ronde and I being ahead, stop at swamp where we thought we saw water. Thought to camp there. Carts come up; some horses taken out, enfarged. We go to shoot some ducks for supper and find no water! The light-coloured mud and some rushes had in the dusk the appearance of water, and the shadows of bushes. Buckle on again and go on for about two miles in the dark. Milton gallops ahead to find water. His horse finds it in thick wood. Put up the lodge in the dark, the horses giving much trouble. Don't turn in until about 11 P.M. Saw hundreds of prairie hens. Did not shoot at them.

Wednesday, September 24th — On the prairie

Very slow in coming-to in the morning in consequence of late hours. Through woods, down into long level valley with large salt lakes, and up again to camp by chain of swamps. Expect to reach Saskatchewan River at noon tomorrow. Milton and Messiter squabbling all day. My gun shoots ducks well at least with six oz. shot no. 5, two-and-three-quarter dr. powder. Wet during afternoon, and camp at 5 P.M. in consequence.

Thursday, September 25th — To South Saskatchewan River

Through wooded country with numerous lakes. Arrive at South Saskatchewan at noon. Camp on bank, dine. After dinner men cut down trees, make raft, and cross to fetch Company's barge. Unload carts and transfer all baggage and selves to other bank, leaving carts and horses behind to be fetched in the morning. Saskatchewan about 80 yards wide here; muddy stream, wooded banks; muddy and stony at edges. Make Canada fire in road under trees and sleep in open air.

Friday, September 26th — To Carlton House

In early morning carts taken to pieces and brought across in barge. Then horses driven in and swam across; cause trouble and endure severe lodge-poling before they can be induced to enter the water. I contradict Messiter in the same manner he uses to others, and he becomes very irate. We don't speak for some time. I walk on 10 or 12 miles and the carts come up. I get my horse and stay behind to lunch on pemmican with Milton. I find that he and Messiter have had a violent quarrel about nothing and nearly came to blows. We agree that it will be better to separate, as his cross-grained temper will be monotonous during six months of winter. Milton does not like to mention it and pities him more than I do. Left open. Milton's horse meantime breaks away and I lend him mine to go for it. Catches it at last and brings it back.

We canter forward five or six miles and suddenly come into a broad track. After about half a mile of this see the fort in the valley below, close to the river. Carts descending by another route. Find Mr. Lillie at fort very civil. Invites us to tea. Fresh buffalo meat for first time; steaks very good. Delighted with news that buffalo bulls are within half a day, the cows two days. Resolve to stay next day and Sunday and prepare, commence campaign on Monday. Lodge erected near river, close to fort. No Indians here except a few old ones; rest after buffalo. Blackfeet not near except in Spring. Snow comes on.

Saturday, September 27th — At Carlton House

Have famous sleep. The Company jealous of other traders; Mr. Lillie sends for La Ronde and pumps him about our rum and goods. Snow fallen some four inches during night, and still continues at noon. Send to fort for potatoes, milk and marrow fat, and have famous breakfast. Make what preparations we can, but unable to get boxes on account of snow, not daring to uncover the carts. Very slow day. Fort better than Ellice; high pallisade with platform round and square towers at corners. North Saskatchewan River very similar to South. Messiter very agreeable. Snow continued all day. In evening went to fort and got some sulphur for our itch. Bought three pairs moccasins (buffalo), one shilling per pair. Wretched old Cree with liver disease asks for rum; not got any.

Sunday, September 28th — At Carlton House

A very raw, cold thaw. Cleaned guns, patched bulb, and separated things for this hunt, sending the rest to the fort until our return. In afternoon went to the fort and prepared sulphur ointment. Invited to tea with Mr. Lillie who gave us stewed buffalo steaks; very good indeed.

Delighted with the news that two grizzly bears were seen about five miles from the fort. Mr. Lillie very kindly promised to keep the man (Peter the interpreter) who had seen them, to take us to the place at daybreak next morning. Peter had discovered the tracks whilst bringing in the horses to the fort that evening; followed them and discovered two full-grown, enormous grizzlies tearing up roots. Stated he dismounted, loaded his gun, and prepared to shoot at them when he suddenly remembered it was Sunday. La Ronde for some reason or other set against hunting the bears. Went to bed rather late, giving instructions to be called at daybreak.

Monday, September 29th — Hunting near Carlton House

Not called until after sunrise. Milton very dilatory in preparing for the bears. La Ronde throwing cold water on it. Milton, Messiter and I get off about 8 A.M., find that Peter, tired of waiting for us, had started for

the hunters' camp whither he ought to have gone at dawn. Informed by Mr. Lillie that two half-breeds had set out with the horses and would pass the tracks and show us. Milton turns back after a few hundred yards, thinking our chances of finding bears small. Messiter and I canter forward. Rover won't follow us. Cursing Peter and La Ronde for not accompanying us. After two miles catch up with the half-breeds. Go on with them for four miles and they show us the tracks in the snow. We follow them to the edge of some pines. Find some fresh sign and the place where they had evidently breakfasted, the earth being torn up quite lately from their grubbing for roots. Lost the tracks near the pines and conclude they have gone on to cover for the day. Ride round the pines, but see nothing of the bears. Greatly disappointed. Excited while following the fresh tracks, larger than a man's foot, and the impress of their long claws very well marked in the snow.

Canter back to the fort and find the carts started. Get bread and cheese with Mr. Lillie who sympathizes. He kindly gives me a pair of warm gloves of which I stood much in need. I present him with a fig of Chicago tobacco. He shows the road. We go on some little distance, and it divides. Follow the one which has cart tracks. In about half a mile find the road ends in a wood near the river. Messiter proposes a cast round to find the right one, I wish to return and examine where the cart tracks turn off. I agree to a cast, make a large circuit and get back into the road close to the fort, before it branched. Follow it and find that the cart tracks turned off from the road they at first followed across into the other, which accounted for our being misled. Confound the carts for leading us astray. Canter five miles and find the fire burning where they had dined; about 10 more bring us to Milton and La Ronde lying smoking and waiting for us. Have a pipe with them and forward seven or eight miles before we camp on banks of river. Messiter and I calculate we have ridden 45 miles. Peter and a Cree join our train; latter a noted horse thief.

Tuesday, September 30th — Hunting near Carlton House

Milton felt seedy and stayed in bed until 11 A.M. I prepare for running, it being now likely for us to see bulls any minute. La Ronde

started already to look out for beef. Messiter goes off on Tom and we wait and dine expecting La Ronde to return. Voudrie informs me that the Cree, or rather half-breed Cree, was out with the Cree war party last winter who stole 130 horses from Blackfeet and killed 35 men. Many horses I saw at fort were, I found, Blackfoot horses stolen from them by the Crees and sold to the Company.

About 2 P.M. give up waiting La Ronde's return and start. About four miles on find buffalo bull lying in the road, recently killed and doubtless a victim of La Ronde's. The men stay to cut off some meat. Milton and I start to run some fine white timber wolves which were hanging about. Milton has a good start, I some half mile behind. He gets close to one large white fellow on Old Red and fires several balls at him without effect. I then come up on the little roan of Vital's which Milton lent me, my own horse having a galled back from the long journey of yesterday. I got close up and fire both barrels. Miss. Little mare who had gone well completely done, and I reluctantly give up the chase, the wolf being now able to run away from her. We canter along for seven or eight miles in the dark, at last see camp fire. Arrive very cold and hungry, and very cross. Milton blows up. Row with Messiter. Find he has killed two bulls and wounded another which he lost, having expended all his bullets. Milton and Messiter very angry at one another about nothing, as usual. Quieten down.

CHAPTER FOUR

**October 1962: From Carlton House to Winter Quarters
on the Jolie Prairie**



Buffalo Hunt

Wednesday, October 1st — Hunting near Carlton House

Set out at 8 A.M., somewhat excited, expecting to see bulls every moment. I ride the little roan mare again, my horse being still unfit. After some three miles, the carts which were in advance pulled up as they saw "les boeufs" in the distance. We rode up and saw eight or nine feeding about a couple of miles off, and presently several more herds at small distances from each other, 30 or 40 in all. Girths were forthwith tightened and arms prepared, Messiter and I taking loose powder and a charger and leaving our flasks behind. On went Milton a good deal excited, I feeling much as if I was in for something rather desperate, but more afraid of not killing than of any danger. At a foot's pace in line, I on the right, Milton next, then La Ronde with Messiter on the left. When we got within a quarter of a mile of the largest herd, La Ronde began to low, whereupon the other groups looked up from grazing and then trotted off to join the main body. La Ronde then gave the word and we broke into a canter. The large herd only looked round at us and walked off slowly forward until joined by all the rest, when began a slow, lumbering canter. We quickened our pace a little and they kept on the same, so that we soon got within 200 yards. Then La Ronde cried, "allez, allez", and away we went, helter skelter, Milton leading on the old Red by a couple of lengths, La Ronde next on the Grand Rouge, Messiter after on the Grey, and I bringing up the rear on the little roan which did not go so freely as after the wolf the day before. Then whip, whip, both heels hammering our horses' ribs, arms flying, and brandishing our arms and yelling in true half-breed fashion.

As Milton nears them the band divides, the larger half bending to the right, nearer me, giving me a chance to get pretty well in. Half a mile and I am within 20 yards; another half and I get within seven or eight, my horse gaining very slowly. A comical appearance they presented, with head and shoulders covered with long hair, and bare quarters like shaved French poodles, their long beards and fringed dewlaps wagging about as they went along at a rolling gallop, apparently very slow but really at a good pace. They looked venerable, but dissipated and used up. When within 10 yards of the herd I fired both barrels, and two separated. My horse made a

vigorous effort to cut them off, and succeeded in separating one after whom I kept on, dropping into a canter to reload. Soon came up to it again, fired one barrel of my gun and then three of my revolver without any effect. Knowing that I should lose ground if I reloaded and that it probably would stop before long, I kept on with my one barrel loaded, and in about 200 yards up went its tail with a tuft at the end wagging about, and it faced me with head down, looking very vicious indeed. Just as it turned its broadside and before it got under way to charge, I fired, aiming behind the shoulder. It turned again away from me, walked two or three yards, then stretched its legs and died. I had been highly excited during the run, screaming and shouting like a madman; now highly elevated at having succeeded in slaying my first buffalo. I went up to it feeling afraid it might not be quite dead and get up and charge, dismounted however and looked for my shots. Found it exactly in the right place, just behind the shoulder, nothing wonderful at 10 yards but good for a quick shot. I took out the tongue and cut off the tail as a trophy. I hung them on to my saddle, marked the place, and trotted off to rejoin the carts.

After a mile and a half descried the carts and Milton and La Ronde in the distance. La Ronde and Messiter each claimed to have killed two. Milton, however, found that one Messiter stated to be his was the one he had killed. A hot dispute. Evidence in favour of former, cartridge case being found by side of beast, and Milton describing the wounds correctly. Messiter reluctantly gives up. Milton had been unlucky: he got well in and had a good chance of killing two or three, but cartridges kept missing fire. I took the boy Zear, and we rode off together to bring the marrow bones of my buffalo. Very cold and raining slightly; strong north wind. Found it easily by the number of wolves around. They had already torn out its entrails. We set to work in the cold and rain, cutting out the marrow bones. Presently saw Messiter in the distance in full career after a herd of bulls, and then Zear cried out excitedly, "*voilà, voilà les boeufs*", and I saw nine bulls galloping straight toward us over the hill 300 or 400 yards off. I dropped my knife, seized my gun and loaded, ran forward to get as near as possible when they passed, fired at the leader, heard the "thud"

of the ball. It dropped behind the rest and I gave it the other barrel; it staggered on a few yards and dropped dead. We ran up, I excited and delighted. Found one ball behind the ribs, the other just in the right place behind the shoulder. Measured the distance and found it 105 of the longest strides I could take. Not bad practice with a smooth-bore on an animal on the run. Took half bones from each, as we could not turn them over.

The rain had come on fast and the wind very bitter and high before we started in search of the camp. I left it to the boy to choose the road and we made straight for the river. Saw a dead buffalo hamstrung and just killed. Messiter's victim, no doubt. Saw wood before us and made for it. Half a mile off, heard a shot and then another. Galloped ahead and found the lodge set up under trees. Wet through. Given me up and fired signals. Messiter not returned. All congratulated me and my very good success in my first run. Rain and wind keep increasing. Messiter does not return; keep firing at intervals. La Ronde goes in search of him. Dark comes on. Put up lighted brand on top of pole. La Ronde goes out again and searches in other directions; can't see anything of him. Give him up till morning; fire shots occasionally. Turn in about midnight, thanking our stars we are under shelter with good fire and food.

Thursday, October 2nd — Hunting near Carlton House

As soon as light, La Ronde, Voudrie and Zear set out in search. Two latter return about 7 A.M. without tidings. At 8 A.M. saw five men on horseback coming towards camp; turned out to be Messiter and four Crees. After wandering about half numb with cold until an hour after dark, he essayed to light a fire. Matches wet and did not succeed. On again for another hour, or so. Made for a wood and found there was a camp of Crees. Taken into Chief's lodge, given his place to sleep in. Large lodge of 15 skins. Things dried. Pipe sent round. Meat and muskeg tea, fat and water as cordial after. Squaws and men get up in night, cook, smoke, spit, rise and whack dogs; dogs rush out and seized by others waiting at door. Grand fight. So on throughout night. In morning Messiter makes them understand he wants to find camp. Go with him; presents them with

knives, etc. They come into our lodge and breakfast. Pipe went round. Ask for powder, salt, etc., which given them. Ask for more guns, rum, which La Ronde will not translate and gets out of. Chief said we couldn't be great men if we hadn't rum. Stay until 1 P.M.; dine. We make a move then. Chief Junior (rather fine looking fellow, Roman nose, spangled shirt, cap with ribands, medicine bag) gets up and makes oration. Translated by La Ronde. Wishes to know what purpose of visit to his country, for he had been frightened by the Company's men telling him numbers of white men would soon enter his country and he must beware of them. Told him we came to hunt, see the country, and visit him. He would be glad to see us, and we might go where we wished and hunt as we liked. Thanked him, shook hands, and away they went.

La Ronde frightened for our horses which they admired and asked many questions about. Young chief told La Ronde five times that he had once been drunk, which is considered a very great honour and glory. Move on two or three miles and camp again. On the way Milton consults me about telling Messiter, as we had long talked of and well considered that we did not get on well and had better not pass the winter together. I agree that it would be best to do so and give him time to make new plans. After tea tell him. Much cut up. Can't see it is necessary. We are firm. La Ronde and Voudrie watch all night. Horses driven into camp, all guns loaded for Crees if they come. No alarm.

Friday, October 3rd — Hunting near Carlton House

Messiter renews attempt at accommodation. Don't agree. No more said. Cold and misty, with hoar frost. Start due south for the cows. Pass several herds of bulls, but leave them alone not to disturb the cows. Day clears up. Come to small river and camp. Beaver dam. Salt water. La Ronde goes ahead to search for cows. We have washing and journal writing afternoon. La Ronde comes back at dusk having seen many herds of bulls, but no cows. Resolve therefore to run the former tomorrow.

In the open prairie on fighting ground of Crees and Blackfeet. Bruneau and Zear therefore keep watch. A war party of Blackfeet said to be in the neighbourhood on the lookout for Crees.

Saturday, October 4th — Hunting near Carlton House

After breakfast went out in search of bulls, taking along two carts for meat. Find seven, one-and-a-half miles forward, lying down. Approach as before and get within 100 yards, then, "hurrah, hurrah", from La Ronde and a mad rush at the herd. Milton again leading on the old Red, La Ronde next on the Grand Rouge, Messiter next on the Grey, I bring up the rear again on the right, but much nearer than in the former run, Bucephalus pricking his ears and setting into it, might and main. Two bulls separate to the right and I turn after them. Messiter brings up another, and we charge them pretty well together. They separate again, two going with Messiter. I follow the other, quickly overhaul it. Put both barrels in, but too much behind. Proceed to load again and find that every bullet had fallen out of my pouch and I had only one, which from some presentiment I had put in my shirt pocket. Rushed ahead with my forlorn hope, and as I came up it charged. Bucephalus merely stared stupidly at it. I only just got its head round and gave it a cut of the whip, the bull's head being within a few inches of its quarters. The beast pulled up, and I pulled up some six or seven yards from it when it charged again. I was ready this time and got away easily, putting my only ball into it as it turned away, but again in the wrong place. Away it went at top speed, faster than ever. I followed it for some one-and-a-half miles, hoping it would drop, but it went ahead the same as ever. I reluctantly turned back, my horse having had quite enough, cursing my ill luck. A very young bull and unusually fast. Then to the camp for more bullets, hoping for another run.

I had lost my hat in the first rush. No stopping for that. Borrowed Voudrie's cap, got ammunition, and then after the rest. Found them hard at work, cutting up, Milton having spotted three, Messiter two, La Ronde one, mine being therefore the only one of the herd which escaped. Confound it! Tried to stalk the wolves hanging round the carcasses, but they were too wary. All herds dispersed and no more running. Returned to camp about one hour before sundown, I greatly disgusted with my day's performance. Watch set at night to guard against our friends the Crees.

Sunday, October 5th — Hunting near Carlton House

Decided not to run, it being Sunday and La Ronde having scruples. Messiter tries rifle-practice, and then all the men try their guns, making a regular fusillade. Milton expostulates as it will disturb the country. About noon La Ronde cried out, "les sauvages", and presently saw two approaching on foot. Turned out to be two young Crees, sons of a Chief of 25 lodges camped near, who were on their way to visit friends at another camp. Told us that a large herd of cows were making directly for us when the firing began, and that it turned them away at once towards the north-east. Curse Messiter's powder-burning mania. Voudrie goes out to try and discover the cows, but fails.

The young Crees dine, and express their intention of honouring us with their company for the night. La Ronde in a great funk about the horses. The younger Indian, a boy of 16, told us with great pride that he had already been ten times on the warpath and last spring stole six horses from the Blackfeet. Also that his father clothed him well (white blanket and trousers of ditto, with the stripes conspicuous round the bottom), whereas his brother was avaricious and his father would do nothing for him. We all sat up late, and the Indians came into the lodge to sleep. The men being very sleepy from the two previous nights' watching, Milton took two or three hours at the commencement, and then awoke me and I did two or three more. A beautiful moonlight night, very cold and frosty. Wrapped up in Milton's great cloak and cooked a buffalo rib; very good. When tired, awoke Bruneau and Zear to take my place.

Monday, October 6th — On way back to Carlton House

Came across the prairie by the road at a great pace, arriving about 4 P.M. at the place where we camped on the second night of our way out. A family of Crees before us. Squaw stretches lodge for us beautifully and presents us with a mess which Milton and Messiter vote good, I detestable; a nauseous mixture of meat, berries, fat, and water. Present man with a little powder and tobacco, squaw with tobacco, needles and thread. Old boy wouldn't smoke having a vow to his manitou. Company's hunters and train of carts with meat for Carlton come in and camp at dark.

Tuesday, October 7th — On way back to Carlton House

On the way with carts. At noon caught up with Company's train at dinner. Mr. Sinclair, bourgeois in charge, very civil; gave us good cow beef and sugar to tea. Ride on after carts, camp for night at swamp which we passed on first day, some 18 miles from fort. Messiter had chivvied a wolf three or four miles, and then came upon four buffalo bulls. Ran them three or four miles and killed one. Poor Tom!

Wednesday, October 8th — At Carlton House

Rode on with Mr. Sinclair and arrived at the fort just in time for dinner to which Mr. Lillie kindly invited us. Carts arrived about 4 P.M. Lodge put up in the old place. Sinclair informed us that the two Cree chiefs had told him that they had followed our trail the day after they visited us, but lost it where we turned off from the river at right angles to go on to the open prairie, the mist having effaced our tracks. They had fully resolved to have our horses, not being well pleased with our treatment of them. We had thought it very handsome. Goiter frequent among dwellers on banks of Saskatchewan; limestone and carbonate of lime plentiful.

Thursday, October 9th — At Carlton House

Messiter looking about for a man. Engages a villainous-looking half-breed Cree, who cannot talk English and only a few words of French, for two £ a month. His father-in-law Atagakouph (Star of the Blanket) is a noted free hunter living at the Montagne du Bois. There Messiter intends to go, build a house near, and hunt with Atagakouph. Milton and I buy a few things, arrange accounts with Messiter and the men.

The men desire a ball, and Mr. Lillie kindly lends a room. I feeling tired and hot and in no humour for gaiety, turn into bed, sending the men. Voudrie came back in an hour and asked me if I would not like to go. On my telling him that I was too comfortable to move and that he might go back, he bolted out of the lodge and returned at full speed, delighted to get back to the dancing. Some time in the morning all returned, uncommonly merry. I feigned sleep.

Friday, October 10th — At Carlton House

Milton very seedy after the ball and stays in bed. I get everything ready, and in the afternoon Voudrie and Zear start on their return to Fort Garry with letters and the horses. Things taken out of the fort and crossed in the barge. Messiter crosses too. He and Milton quarrel about Snuffer. Milton lost toss for him, and I sold my share for three lbs. of powder. Messiter's man wants to take out all his pay in advance. Messiter, by Lillie's advice, dismisses him at once and engages a young English half-breed instead. Milton and I go to fort and say good-bye. In meantime barge has crossed. Dark. Milton and I go over to north bank in buffalo hide canoe and find men and Messiter there, unloading. Sleep very comfortably in the open air. Fine bright night.

Saturday, October 11th — In search of winter quarters

Men engaged during the morning in bringing carts and horses across. Two Yankees arrive from Edmonton on horseback and with a pack horse each. Emigrants to goldfields going back to families at Fort Garry, to winter. Seem unwilling to be communicative as to the prospects of mines on the Saskatchewan. State that the majority have crossed the mountains, the rest intending to try their fortune on this side in the spring. Left buffalo bulls last night. Good hopes of having them near Lac Vert in the winter.

Milton and Messiter quarrel about Snuffer. All ready by dinner time. Dine, and Messiter says good-bye, sets out with his old guide and young man. The old fellow has crossed the Rocky Mountains 16 times; we have engaged him to take us over in the spring. Help to push the carts up the steep ascent. Rover missing. Bruneau goes back and finds him in the fort. Set out about 3 P.M. Country scrub copses and swamps. Sleep under the carts. (Yesterday, the old Cree whom we met on our return from the prairies told Milton we had been so kind to him and his squaw that he wished to present Milton with a horse. Milton very pleased, but La Ronde said it only meant rum and he declined the gift.)

Sunday, October 12th — In search of winter quarters

Ordinary day through ordinary country. Plenty of swamps, but the ducks all gone for the winter. Idle. Short journey.

Monday, October 13th — In search of winter quarters

Pretty well a copy of yesterday. Late in the morning, and make poor travelling.

Tuesday, October 14th — In search of winter quarters

Arrive at salt lakes for dinner. By the side track ends in nothing; keep on in right direction and come into track again after about half a mile. Towards evening track again disappears. Keep on. Milton, going ahead to find water, nearly bogged in trembling marsh. Camp by side, and La Ronde goes off to find a crossing. My father's birthday. Melancholy reminiscences.

Wednesday, October 15th — In search of winter quarters

My birthday. Hope they are having a jollification at Oxford and Hawksworth. Intend to celebrate it myself on being established in winter hut. About a mile to place of crossing of bog. Cut down branches for carts to cross. I get up behind Milton and the horse sticks fast, therefore try a cart. Half a mile beyond again find the track. Along a valley with swamp at bottom. Camp.

Thursday, October 16th — In search of winter quarters

At noon arrive at River Cocquille (Shell River). Help to haul the carts across. Dine on north bank. Camp by swamp at night. Two bullock carts of Company's returning from fishery near Lac Vert. They give us two very good whitefish.

Friday, October 17th — In search of winter quarters

On a long journey, and over the "Jolie Prairie" surrounded by woods and small hills and with one or two lakes in the opening. A pretty promon-

tory jutting into one lake, covered with pine and poplar, strikes both Milton and myself as a very beautiful site for a house.

Dine at a swamp in scrub. Half a mile further come to river Crochet (Crooked River). Very warm day. I strip and help the carts across. Water like ice, but the bath delightful. Two plunges over head and out again. On catching up to the carts about two miles on see smoke a little ahead. Camp close to two houses, one empty belonging to the Company and set up in opposition to the other built by Mr. Pruden, then a free trader, and afterwards sold by him to an Indian. Bruneau put the lodge in an open space, and Milton and I went to the house where we found La Ronde already smoking his pipe. Old boy, squaw and several children. A comfortable house, two rooms in one of which lives the old boy's son-in-law and family. Smoked away, and La Ronde discoursed. They had heard we had rum with us and asked us, as we were great swells, to give them a little; promised to send some in the morning. Old boy presented Lord Milton with four beaver skins, but said he must have liquor at once. Milton and I went back to the lodge, drew off some into the little keg and watered it, and sent off three pints with one of water in a tin bottle. Just as we had the barrel replaced and covered up in the cart, we heard the old boy coming down, singing and shouting, and he presently appeared, empty bottle in hand, accompanied by his son-in-law, squaw and son. Both men very drunk, talkative and noisy. Produced some marten and other skins and required more rum. La Ronde explained that we had not come to trade and had only a little for our own use during the winter. Very pertinacious, however, and after two hours' discussion and nearly midnight we gave them a small quantity more. How they chuckled over it and hugged the pot, squaws, children and all! They soon after went away, singing and laughing and exclaiming, "tarpoys, tarpoys" (it is true, it is true), I presume hardly able to realize the delightful fact that they were actually drunk once more. Old boy rubbing his hands and chuckling tremendously, singing the praises of the "ookee mow". Turned in very uncomfortable, foreseeing the trouble the possession of the rum would cause us.

Saturday, October 18th — In search of winter quarters

Before we were up, both the men were back with skins to trade for rum. Explained that we did not want to trade and sent them away with the remainder of the little barrel. We then cached the big barrels. In about two hours they returned very drunk, accompanied by two others, relatives. Presently another, the Company's fisherman here, arrived on horseback accompanied by his squaw and kid. He informed us that Mr. Christie was his father, and he hoped we would give him some rum. Directly after, another employee of the Company arrived, already screwed, having doubtless gone shares at the house with the rest. He informed us that his name was John Smith, a half-breed, Mr. Lillie his master, and he wanted rum. Kept offering a beaver skin, first to Milton and then to me, and crying out: "Rum, my master"—"My master, rum"—"I want a dram"—"Give me a dram." The old man's son then came in very drunk, and proceeded to take off his coat and then his shirt which he passed over to me. I shook my head, but he persisted in offering it, but presently lapsed into insensibility, fell into the arms of his squaw, and spewed. La Ronde then came in having been absent after the horses, and explained that we had not come to trade but hunt, and had only a small quantity left which we wanted for our own use during the winter. They persisted, however, in demanding and we in refusing, and we spent nearly the whole day sitting in the lodge amidst the most infernal clamour. We sat them out, however, and did not give them a drop more, Mr. Christie being the most lasting, staying about an hour after the rest.

We were not quit of them until nearly dark. We then held a grand counsel as to what must be done and decided that the barrels must be safely cached at some distance that night, and next morning we would retrace our steps as far as the Jolie Prairie and build a hut on the promontory of the lake which we had noticed as such a nice site on our way here. About midnight we took a little out of our barrels into the little bottle, and Bruneau and La Ronde shouldered them and departed to hide them across the river. Towards morning they returned very cold and wet from crossing the river twice, had some tea, and turned in. They had hid the barrels securely about 50 yards from the road, some half a mile beyond the river.

Sunday, October 19th — In search of winter quarters

In the morning, the son-in-law came (a friend of La Ronde's, and a noted trapper and hunter), brought a dressed moose skin for which he wanted six medicines: a purge, an emetic, an astringent for haemoptysis, a medicine for headache, one for sore eyes, and a pain killer. I gave him 3 Pil Col Co, 2 Acct. Lead & opium, 3 grains Sulph., Zinc. Do. Carb. Ammonia, some Moss's ointment, and a bottle of pain killer. Skin worth 16 shillings at Fort Garry. He wanted me to see a child of his which was ill. I went and found a case of Che. hydrocephalus, but not very severe; a strong child and improving, four years old; sutures partly open and fontanelles membranous. Gave them hopes of recovery and prescribed fish oil and gentle pressure to head by bandages. Then struck tent and departed. Son and son-in-law followed us to river, to assist in crossing. Bucephalus and Sandris mired and stuck fast; had to be taken out and carts dragged up by the men. Gave the two Indians a little rum for their trouble; delighted. Pushed forward. One of Milton's carts broke down in the swamp, and we had to leave it and put the load on the others. Therefore progressed very slowly and had to camp for the night about one-and-a-half miles from the Jolie Prairie. Took in our rum casks on the way.

CHAPTER FIVE

In Winter Quarters on the Jolie Prairie

(October 20, 1862 to April 2, 1863)

THE PURPOSE OF THIS EDITION OF DR. CHEADLE'S DIARIES BEING TO FOLLOW THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE FIRST TOURISTS TO UNDERTAKE A TRANS-CANADIAN JOURNEY, IT WOULD BE SUPERFLUOUS TO REPRODUCE THE LENGTHY ENTRIES FOR THE 155 DAYS DURING WHICH OUR DIARIST AND HIS COMPANIONS WERE STATIONARY, IN WINTER QUARTERS. FOR CONTINUITY'S SAKE ONLY, A PRECIS IS HEREBY GIVEN OF DR. CHEADLE'S ACCOUNT OF THE PRINCIPAL HAPPENINGS.



Winter Quarters

The first task that faced the four men who were to winter on the Jolie Prairie (Dr. Cheadle, Lord Milton, La Ronde, Bruneau) was to build a shelter for themselves. They quickly fashioned a substantial one, a log cabin 15 by 13 ft., six ft. high in front and five ft. in the rear to allow for the slant of the roof (suitable head clearance was obtained by digging two ft. deep into the ground inside the house). There was a roof of pine planks covered with swamp grass tamped down with earth. Planks were laid on the floor. The chinks between the logs of the outside walls were filled with a mixture of clay and chopped reeds. The chimney presented a problem, the available clay not being particularly suitable, but one of sorts was eventually constructed.

All in all, it was an abode no better and no worse than those in which most settlers in the Red River country lived the year round. Our travellers were quite snug despite a very hard winter during which the lake at their feet froze over already on October 25th.

A real hardship was the absence of news from the outside world. That there would be none Cheadle and Milton learned on October 28th from a message that came in from Carlton House (not to be confused with old Carlton House which at that time already bore its new name, Fort Pelly). That message said that communications between Fort Garry and the United States (which constituted the only practical link with the Canadian East) had been interrupted, Georgetown having been abandoned as a consequence of the Sioux massacres at Redwood. In fact, the first mail reached our travellers only on March 11th.

Food was never too plentiful—mainly because the more or less settled Indians and the half-breeds of the neighbourhood grew accustomed to drop in for their fill—but it was never desperately short, either. Small animals were snared, and prairie chickens, pheasants and partridges shot. There were three expeditions to hunt buffalo, two of them (in November and February) undertaken by Dr. Cheadle alone, with Indian guides. Lord Milton took part in the second hunt (in January), but he fell ill with erysipelas when they were about 100 miles out and had to be brought back to the cabin with some difficulty. A little food, but not much, mainly

pemmican, could be obtained from Carlton House. And around Christmas, La Ronde and Bruneau were despatched to Fort Garry for flour, tea and sugar—"only sending 600 miles for necessaries!", Cheadle exclaims.

So, for half of the winter, Cheadle and Milton were alone—except for unbidden visitors. Some of these were quite amusing, though, the old Indian, for instance, who is mentioned—in not very complimentary fashion—in the voluminous entries for October 17th and 18th (see, Chapter IV). His overpowering lust for rum was only matched by his straightforwardness. "Old boy two days ago," Cheadle recounts, "had brought daughter for sale. Married off a few days ago for a horse. Husband stole horse back. Old boy therefore stole daughter back and vowed he would kill his son-in-law. Wanted one of us to take the daughter. We declined with thanks. Not bad looking, though." Incidentally, although Cheadle does not say it right out, some of his remarks indicate that Lord Milton did perhaps not show such reticence on all occasions.

Being thrown upon one another's company, and between very narrow walls at that, was decidedly not a blessing. Cheadle is quite critical of his companion who apparently avoided exertion whenever he could get away with it, "moaned and groaned", was "fatigué" and "ennuyé", "did nothing but smoke". A great part of the outside work thus had to be done by Cheadle. Lord Milton displayed unsuspected in him talents, though, as a cook.

Milton also seems to have been something of a spoiled child. He showed it when he was stung by the fur-trading bug—or had it implanted by the objectionable Messiter, who was wintering on the South Saskatchewan River outside Carlton House and was becoming a perfect nuisance to the Hudson's Bay factor in the fort. The two young men seem to have had dreams of great riches, and Milton got quite petulant when he had to share-and-share-alike with Cheadle trapped fur-bearing animals. Messiter, incidentally, visited his former travelling companions repeatedly, and every time brought with him a whiff of his furious activity and uncontrolled temper. Still, at least Messiter was active where Milton was more or less

only hibernating. Of himself Cheadle says wryly that he was “the hewer of wood and drawer of water.”

On March 11th, La Ronde and Bruneau returned from Fort Garry after a journey beset with much disaster, but with provisions and mail. On the 24th, Cheadle set out with Bruneau on his last trapping trip of the winter. The first indications of spring were about. When they returned, a week later, it was “thawing rapidly”. And on April 1st, “one of young Indians saw three ducks pass over”, truly a harbinger of the awakening season. The long winter was over.

CHAPTER SIX

**April 1863: From the Jolie Prairie to
beyond Fort Pitt**



Blackfoot Camp

Friday, April 3rd — En route to Carlton House

Set out about noon, leaving the house without a tear, but feeling some regret at parting from our winter quarters, where we had certainly endured much hardship, but had some enjoyment and at least learned much of Indian life. Horses very fat, and restive at starting. Milton on little roan mare, I on foot, Bucephalus in my cart. Rover refused to leave the house and Milton obliged to bring him in a string. Camped on the house side of the big hill and ate muskrats for dinner. Supply of pemmican very small and not sufficient to last to the fort. La Ronde killed six more rats. We have nothing else. Feel quite independent again with all property in one's cart. Camped for night before reaching River Coquille.

Saturday, April 4th — En route to Carlton House

Reached Salt Lake and camped for night. La Ronde and I shot some prairie grouse to eke out supplies; very very wild.

Sunday, April 5th — En route to Carlton House

Easter day. Camped at "pines" (the last before the fort). Shot at first goose long way off. Eke out pemmican with Milton's vegetables, and just have enough for supper and breakfast tomorrow.

Monday, April 6th — At Carlton House

Arrive at the fort (Carlton House). Find Messiter and The Painter there. Send over a man to look after our things on the other side of the river; ice still strong and carts cross without difficulty. We stay at fort. La Ronde and Bruneau camp on hill. Ask Mr. Lillie to give us dinner, having had nothing but small breakfast long time ago. Milton leaves all heavy things at fort.

Tuesday, April 7th — At Carlton House

Settle accounts with men. Feed up. Talk to Messiter. Engage Baptiste Supernat at 12 £ per month to cross Rocky Mountains as guide.

Wednesday, April 8th — At Carlton House

Say good-bye to La Ronde who departs about noon. After that, settle accounts with Lillie. Dine on roast goose. After dinner cross river to start, but Milton has so much packing and arranging that we give up the idea and return to fort after that is completed.

Thursday, April 9th — On the prairie again

After breakfast we again cross the river and set out for Fort Pitt with only our new man Baptiste. He proves very civil and handy, and gives favourable account of shooting in the mountains. Make a short and easy day. Milton rides in cart, I walk.

Friday, April 10th — On the prairie

Just about to start when Philip Tait comes in with horses from Fort Pitt. Fifth day from there. Wait a little and smoke pipes, and then say good-bye. Soon camp for dinner. See ducks and geese; all too wild.

Saturday, April 11th — On the prairie

Undulating prairie with copses. Baptiste kills a goose and duck which we find very good. Short day again.

Sunday, April 12th — On the prairie

Long day. Level country, bleak hills in distance, little wood. Enter a gorge and camp at "the spring" ("La Source"). A river rising in a spring at the foot of a semi-circular range of hills. Wood almost used up by constant campings in this place. Baptiste wipes my eye at a goose. Tells us stories at night of gold found by Indians near foot of Rocky Mountains; a lump the size of the end of a finger sent by Mr. Rowand to England and found to be pure gold. Indians instructed by Company to keep the matter secret for fear something terrible should happen to them. Copper found by Indian near Edmonton and placed many years ago on top of a hill. Size of fist when placed there, now so large no one can raise it! Place where originally found, stream of red water! He himself found gold in a creek

near Fort Ellice. When in Rocky Mountains, found high up a little prairie in the woods; in that a lake around which were round things like clear stones. On shaking them something rattled inside—did not know then what gold or such things were, fancied all *made* in England. Believes now that there were diamonds inside!

Monday, April 13th — On the prairie

Crossed the stream without difficulty, and several more in the course of the day. Dreary country, bleak hills with flat levels between the ranges, very monotonous, and no wood. Find a little scrub and dry poplars for dinner fire. Camp at night in better country. Lots of ducks and geese, but very wild and none for supper.

Tuesday, April 14th — On the prairie

I went ahead and killed four ducks at the river, but we were unable to get any of them on account of depth and rapidity of stream. We turned to the left in order to avoid crossing the latter, but were obliged, after making a long detour, to camp early and make a raft to traverse it, for it *would* come in our way.

Wednesday, April 15th — To Jack Fish Lake

Completed raft and crossed the river. Cold raw morning and very cold, dreary work slopping about in the water, for the banks of the stream were marshy. I crossed first, then hauled Milton over who set to work and made a fire, whilst I and Baptiste crossed the baggage. After that, hauled the horses and carts across. As much as Milton and I could do to pull the latter through. Made only a short journey before we came to another river similar to the first. Here Baptiste found a place where the ice was still unbroken, but very thin in the middle of the stream. This we crossed by taking the wheels off the cart and pushing it before us. Thus we made a bridge over the weak part, by which we carried over all the baggage. Swam the horses across where the river was free, and hauled over the other cart without taking off the wheels. These broke through the thin ice, and we

with difficulty pulled it through. Baptiste then crossed where the ice was already giving way, and by the time we had put the wheels on to the dismantled cart again the river was open, the ice broken up. We had only just been in time. Camped for night at Jack Fish Lake. Milton set the prairie on fire.

Thursday, April 16th — In camp at Jack Fish Lake

Spent the day in camp, for some snow fell and the wind from the east was high and cold. We did not like facing the water again, and Jack Fish River was only a mile ahead. Baptiste went out and killed a good supply of ducks; reported ice on lake not very safe for crossing with carts, and no wood near the river. Milton and I slept, cooked and smoked.

Friday, April 17th — To western end of Jack Fish Lake

Crossed the river. Baptiste remained to cut wood for raft. Milton and I took carts on to river, unloaded. Milton then made fire, and I returned with empty carts for wood for raft. Came back with wood, after which Baptiste and I crossed first, then Milton and cooking apparatus. He made fire and began to cook, whilst Baptiste and I crossed baggage. Very wet banks, nearly a yard of melting snow. Whilst busy, saw four Indians galloping up to us. Crossed grog immediately, and covered barrel up with blankets. They came up to other side, talked with Baptiste, and then went round by the lake to come to us. Turned out to be Gatchi Mohkamarn and three Wood Crees. Very civil and glad to see us. I bartered a burning glass for a Mountaineer stone pipe. Had dinner. Gave Indians a drop of grog, to their great delight. Accompanied us having heard of four bulls. Two of the Indians turned off, shortly; Gatchi and another went forward and camped with us for the night at the far end of the lake.

Saturday, April 18th — On the prairie

Before we started, The Wolf and John Smith came up at the head of a party from Carlton on their way to Fort Pitt to help bring down barges. Went along with us. Camped for dinner at wood. After that, long stretch

of prairie. Crossed Turtle River before night; strong rapids. Men pushed and steadied carts. Prairie covered with pretty blue anemones .

Sunday, April 19th — On the prairie

A good long day. Crossed English River after dinner. Pretty steep banks and pines. Like English trout stream. Crossed baggage by fallen pine. Carts and horses taken round and hauled over. Short of provisions. Carlton men had been given only six days pemmican, and a few charges of powder and shot. Nothing for the dogs which dragged the *travaillies*. (*Two poles and crossbar, to which baggage is lashed; the whole is dragged along the ground.*—ED.). Lillie's stinginess. Gave them our pemmican.

Monday, April 20th — Fort Pitt

Worked hard all morning for our dinners, and got forward some 16 or 17 miles. I killed four pheasants and a goose, and with the rest made up two geese, two ducks, and eight pheasants. Not much for 10 men; all ate greedily. After dinner, another 12 or 14 miles. Horses give in. Continually expecting to see the fort. Milton walks a long way and then tires out. Leave carts three miles from fort with Baptiste, to come on in the morning. Milton and I go on to the fort, arriving long after dark. Fresh meat and potatoes, milk. The latter upset me and I couldn't eat. Rather tired. Slept like a top.

Tuesday, April 21st — At Fort Pitt

Mr. Chantelaine gave us a man to go with Baptiste to barter for horses from the Indians. Make arrangements. Informs us that we shall have to pay 10 shillings a day for living in the fort. (We did, however, not pay 10 shillings each, but only 10 shillings for the three.)

Wednesday, April 22nd — At Fort Pitt

Indians keep coming in. Have heard that we have rum with us. Want to trade for some, but recommend to us not to go to their camp with it, as

there are too many, there, and we might be pillaged. Big Squirrel and friend offer to accompany Baptiste to visit the Blackfeet, but we do not coincide. Baptiste to visit the Assiniboine half-breed (*the métis Louis Battenotte*.—ED.) engaged to go with him. Put off their excursion until the departure of the Indians.

Thursday, April 23rd — At Fort Pitt

The Indians still keep coming in and departing. Big Squirrel taken rather ill, and delays a little. Assiniboine's child very ill; he cannot start tomorrow. Chantelaine very civil. Milton and Baptiste mixed liquor all day yesterday, much too publicly. Continually bothered. Ennuyeed. Bright, sunny, hot weather.

Friday, April 24th — At Fort Pitt

Assiniboine's child worse. Plenty of other patients also. Fort hunter comes in. Buys up almost all the stores to go on a state visit to the Blackfeet. Baptiste and Assiniboine to start tomorrow. More Indians.

Saturday, April 25th — At Fort Pitt

Assiniboine's child died in the night. Baptiste cannot therefore start. Decide to get one horse, and go to Edmonton and trade from there, following the track on the fort side of the river for some days and then crossing over, in order to avoid the Crees. Milton buys a good strong horse from Chantelaine for his Reilly No. 2 gun and fittings. I think a satisfactory bargain for both parties.

Sunday, April 26th — At Fort Pitt

Two Blackfeet came in, the advanced guard of six coming to trade at the fort. Have heard that we have some liquor. Tell them, only a little for our own use. Better looking and better dressed than the Crees. The men in handsome robes, and dress of blanket; better shaped heads and finer features than the Crees. The women attired in different manner from Cree

women, or Chippewas, with long gowns of beautifully dressed buffalo hide, very soft and dyed brown, with belts around the waist, of leather almost covered with round plates of brass the size of a half-crown. Faces of both sexes highly painted with vermilion. Men's features highly marked: good high foreheads, cheekbones not so prominent as Crees', nose large, well formed, straight or a little Roman, mouth large but less blubber-lipped than Crees', beautiful teeth like all other Indians. The two chiefs very dignified, and submitted with great composure to the gaze of fort men and of Crees who looked with interest on a race seldom seen except when in battle with them. They expressed their intention of trading all their horses (11). We inspected them, but found them all so lean and having such dreadfully sore backs that we were not very anxious about it. We came to the conclusion, however, that we would trade for the four best on the morrow, when we had moved out from the fort some few miles, in order not to offend Mr. Chantelaine. The latter took the horses into the fort yard as some of the young Crees had dropped hints that they would help themselves. The Crees had already stolen some 30 from the Blackfeet since the peace, and the Blackfeet rather more in return, so that hostilities will probably recommence before very long. Our horses were also placed in the stable yard with the Company's. Intend to set out in the morning.

Monday, April 27th — At Fort Pitt

The Blackfoot chief will only sell one horse, a cream and good runner, he says. We therefore refuse to trade at all. I resolve to wait till the morrow, in order that they may be ahead of us. They spent the morning in trading their buffalo skins and robes with Chantelaine for powder, ball, and tobacco. A Cree came in last night with the intelligence that a Cree woman had been killed in the Blackfoot camp. It appeared she went to be married to a Blackfoot, but others in the camp took a fancy to her, a quarrel arose, and one of them, to prevent the others from obtaining her, put an end to the dispute by stabbing the woman. He had also heard that some Blackfeet who were on a visit to the Assiniboine in their camp had suddenly disappeared in the night, leaving their tents standing with

everything in them; and that the Stoneys set fire to their tents. Everything seemed to betoken war again very shortly, and Chantelaine went to the Blackfoot chief, related the news, and advised him to cross the river and be off at once. The chief thought this to be wise, too, and set off in a few minutes.

Some Cress came in a few hours after the others went and reported that just as they encountered the Blackfeet on their way from the fort, another Blackfoot arrived from the big camp, breathless and with only his breech cloth, coming in haste to recall those who had been to the fort. He told the Crees that all was right at the camp, but they inferred that this was merely a blind, and that hostilities had already begun, there. Lucky we did not send our liquor there, or take the road ourselves. Off tomorrow at any rate, even if 10,000 Blackfeet arrive, for we are all tired of the slow life here.

Tuesday, April 28th — On the prairie

A beautiful hot summer's day. Packed our carts and set out once more. Baptiste had arranged to stop a short distance from the fort to buy three horses from the Wood Crees and Sauteux, horses stolen from the Blackfeet. We stayed accordingly about a mile from the fort, and about 20 Indians soon appeared, one big fellow riding a tiny yearling. Assiniboine came and assisted at the barter. The first horse, a little white stallion, for one gallon of liquor mixture, 40 trade balls, two pints powder, two yards tobacco, and a yard of red cloth. A little dun mare, the same. A weedy chestnut gelding and a roarer, the same plus half a gallon. We did not take very long bargaining, and then set out in earnest. Assiniboine accompanied us to the dining place. He then intimated that he would have been glad to have engaged with us to cross the mountains. We said that we should have been glad to have had him, and offered three £ for the first month, and five £ thereafter, if he would come now. He promised to join us next day if he decided to accept the offer.

After dinner, horses and carts stuck in a bog. I went in to help. Then, just as I had remounted the chestnut, one of our new purchases, he suddenly whipped round, the saddle which was loose turned (surcingle

much too long), and I fell on my back. It took my breath, the saddle got about the horse's heels, and he galloped off, kicking furiously and just missing me as I rolled over. Eventually brought up against a cart and captured. I remounted and took more care. Baptiste watched horses all night. I had headaches from my fall and could not stand my share of the watch. Milton and I slept little from anxiety about horses. No alarm. Revolvers ready.

Wednesday, April 29th — On the prairie

I got up and lit fire, and Baptiste went to bed. Milton would not get up. Assiniboine's son arrived with the sun. Told us that his father was going with us and had sold his lodge and stock of provisions. Would join us about noon, the boy taking back some horses to bring him along more quickly. I went out for two or three hours and shot some ducks. Found both Milton and Baptiste still fast asleep on my return. Assiniboine arrived about noon with family. I went on foot. Just about to camp when we saw some people in front, some on horses and others on foot. One set off at a run. We thought they took us for Blackfeet. Assiniboine galloped after them to ascertain who they were. Came back with news that they were Wood Crees; one who ran was after a wounded goose. Expressed their desire to drink the price of a couple of horses.

Thursday, April 30th — On the prairie

Sent Assiniboine ahead to Indian camp to bring up men with horses for sale. Found them soon after dinner. The two horses they had brought were an old blind beast and a three-year old the size of a dog. Declined to buy them. They said they would not go back without some liquor, and one offered to sell a little roan stallion he had borrowed from his father to ride here upon. We gave him one and a half gallon of liquor mixture, a calumet, and ammunition. Dearest horse we have bought. Crossed a little river and camped on high ground above. I rode all day, having run a great piece of wood into my heel. Assiniboine's mare foaled. No delay. Tied foal on to the *travaille* first half of the day; after that, it walked.

CHAPTER SEVEN

**May 1863: Across the Last Stretch of Prairie
to Fort Edmonton**



Fort Edmonton

Friday, May 1st — On the prairie

A long, tedious day. I still too lame to walk. In afternoon came to river, rather deep; broken down bridge across it of cut pines. Men set to work to make it passable and traverse carts, whilst Milton, I, and boy took horses across by a ford lower down. This took most of the afternoon. Camped early for night under some cypresses, or stone pines.

Saturday, May 2nd — On the prairie

Assiniboine went off with his son to his house to see if his father-in-law was there, in order that he might leave some of his family and effects. To join us in camp tomorrow. We went forward and camped at noon to await him. On our way heard five or six shots in succession, and saw train of carts passing along side of hill to the right, about a mile off. Presently English half-breed rode up. Turned out to be Company's train from Moose Lake. Wanted to know if we were free men or Company's! In afternoon went out with Baptiste to look for beaver in Dog River, close to camp. Found trees cut down, and following stream upwards, discovered the dam and lodge. Plenty of beaver tracks. They must have been there for generations, for we found old rotten stumps cut off by the animals years and years before. It turned very cold and cloudy, and we went back to camp fearing rain.

Sunday, May 3rd — In camp on the prairie

Up very late. Waiting for Assiniboine. In afternoon he arrived with young fellow, "Mr. Jem" Simpson, and the former wife of Assiniboine, at present mistress to "Mr. Jem". The latter brought us a present of fish and turnips, very acceptable indeed. After dinner tried for pike in the river, and at sunset watched the beaver-dam, but saw nothing more. Too much disturbed by the Indians.

Monday, May 4th — On the prairie

Eliza (little 10-year old sister of Assiniboine's present wife) returned with "Mr. Jem". Wife and son to cross the mountains with us, Assiniboine

taking two horses for them. Could not find his *beau-père* yesterday. "Mr. Jem" left us a little before noon, having been very civil and invited us to share his house if we came out! Eliza left with regret, having been made screwed regularly by Milton whenever we took our rum. We set out soon after and made a long stage to a large lake where we were to rest and hunt elk on the morrow.

Tuesday, May 5th — Hunting interlude

Cleaned guns and went out after red deer. We rode to the wooded ground the far side of the lake and there left our horses. I then went with Baptiste, Milton with Assiniboine. Beautiful country, hills, wood, lakes, open spaces, but no fresh tracks. Bears' digging of a few days ago. Very hot out of wind, which was high. Saw places where the river had been turned into a series of small lakes by old beaver-dams, now grown over with grass and the old lodge a green mound. Tapped a birch tree and drank the sap, which was like sugared water. Got back to where we left the horses some two hours before sundown and found Milton and Assiniboine just arrived, having been equally unsuccessful. The former disgusted with his experience of stalking. Shot ducks and geese on way back to camp, and arrived very hungry, indeed.

Wednesday, May 6th — On the prairie

Last night very sultry and the mosquitoes very tiresome. I had a restless night, and Milton strong symptoms of a fit. Smelling rum and taking *carb.ann.* arrested it. Two more symptoms before stopping for dinner, but not so strong as one in night. Intensely hot. Two fires raging across the river. After dinner wind suddenly rose into a tremendous gale, the sun clouded over and it became intensely cold. We hurried on to a large lake where we expected to find a camp of Wood Crees, but they had left. Camped there.

Thursday, May 7th — To North Saskatchewan River

Wind still continues. Arrived at Saskatchewan for dinner, having forded one stream on the way. Very cold still. In afternoon men go up

river in search of wood for raft. Milton and I go fishing, but find rivers too shallow. Men come back unsuccessful, but bringing specimens of auriferous quartz, as they think, but which I am afraid is only mica.

Friday, May 8th — Crossing the North Saskatchewan

Men at work early, making hide canoe. Milton sleeps till midday. I write journal and try again for fish. Steered a good fish like a trout, of four or five pounds, three times, but he would not take; stream too clear. Milton joined me and fished, wading across river, looking for gold also. Dined quite late when the canoe was finished, six feet long, two feet wide, and one-and-a-half feet deep. Frame of green willows and covered with buffalo skin. Baptiste ferried over the luggage. Very crank boat. At dusk all baggage over. I went across with Baptiste. Log tied to side of canoe to steady it, but boat only just floating with the two heavy men, Baptiste and myself, in it. Gave the men some rum, for it was cold work, the wind being high. Milton came across, leaving Louis and family on the other side with horses and carts. Baptiste went back to them to carouse. Very sharp frost.

***Saturday, May 9th — Through the valley of the
North Saskatchewan***

Half inch of ice in bucket, but bright, warm morning. Horses swam across. Carts crossed by tying to tails of two horses. There was a very steep ascent up the bank and an extra horse was harnessed by tying a rope from the cart shaft to his tail. This brought them up triumphantly, with Milton and young one as postilions. The road only a horse track for the freemen from Whitefish Lake, and very hilly and uneven for the carts. Ground snow-covered. Very cold, raw wind. Reached main track in afternoon and proceeded along it through same kind of broken hillocks, swamps and copses. Cart track now, but still awkward.

Camped in burned country near a swamp. One of the fires we had seen in the distance put out by the snow of last night. Duck shooting in plenty.

***Sunday, May 10th — Through the valley of the
North Saskatchewan***

In the morning, in shooting ducks ahead of the carts, put up a herd of caribou. I did not see them, or might have got a good stalk. Animals ran within 200 yards of carts. In afternoon rain came on, heavy for some time. Cold, high wind. Camped early in consequence. Shot a couple of white geese for dinner, which were really balls of fat. Pronounced "wackassin mitorni" by the men; we found them too greasy without salt. This had run out, and the potatoes also. Nothing but dried meat, grease, and ducks, of all of which we are very tired.

***Monday, May 11th — Through the valley of the
North Saskatchewan***

I and boy shoot ducks. Cross very deep little river, and have to unload the carts and carry baggage across. Swim horses, and drag carts without wheels across old gold-seekers' bridge of three trees. Fair day's journey.

***Tuesday, May 12th — Through the valley of the
North Saskatchewan***

Met a Wood Cree who gave us eggs for tobacco. Had killed two bears. Are to arrive at Fort Edmonton tomorrow.

***Wednesday, May 13th — Through the valley of the
North Saskatchewan***

Nothing of consequence. Found we could not reach Fort Edmonton, the horses soon tiring with the heat and heavy load.

Thursday, May 14th — To Fort Edmonton

The men took an awful time washing and dressing in their best, in order to make a swell appearance at the fort. Crossed four small streams

during the day. Water low now and easily forded. After dinner passed freemen on way to Red River; wanted to exchange a mare and foal or lame gelding for our Sharman — no go. Arrived in sight of the fort, ahead of the carts, three or four hours before sundown. Fort very prettily situated on high cliff above the river; banks well wooded. Both of us much taken with the appearance of the place. Descend the hill to the beach, and soon two men come across in canoe full of holes and take us over in the barge, which goes back for carts which arrived in the meantime.

Hospitably received by Mr. Hardisty. Go down to see luggage landed and find men very screwed. Been at my rum. Hardisty informs us that there is to be a grand bear hunt at the Lake St. Albans settlement of freemen and Romish Mission, nine miles from here. Five bears attacked a band of horses; two men narrowly escaped on horseback, one only by throwing his coat to Old Grizzly. Resolve to start at daybreak and join the hunt, and get out revolvers and clean guns accordingly.

***Friday, May 15th — To Lake St. Albans and at
Fort Edmonton***

Baptiste overslept and did not call us. I up before he came. Could not get Milton out for a long time, and we squabbled tremendously. Started after breakfast. Pretty ride; copped country. Settlement on hill, half a mile from lake. Twenty houses; most civilized place since Fort Garry. Saw a priest (*this was the famous Father Lacombe, an Oblate missionary, who spent his life with Indians.* — ED.) and rode up to inquire about the bear hunt. Told us that no day had yet been fixed for it. Invited us into his house, a neat looking building with nunnery adjoining it. Half of it used as school for girls who were taught in French. Boys having school in fort and taught in English. Priest French-Canadian and therefore could speak a little English. Milk and pipes. Gave me a pipe of birch-root, invited us to dinner: soup, dry meat, potatoes and turnips, pancakes and sugar. Mill near; horse power. Promised to tell his people on Sunday to arrange hunt for Monday or Tuesday. We agreed to come and camp there the night before.

Left priest busy having horses cut. About 20, very fine and fat, given as payment for absolution. Best horse a fine black taken from a poor widow whose husband died unconfessed, and therefore priest would not read burial service. He required hard work to get him out of purgatory, for which labour the priest received the black horse! Priest's room small, table and a few chairs, pictures of Pope, Bishop of Marseilles, and Bishop of Red River, and a print showing angels hauling saints out of flames of purgatory. On arriving at fort again in afternoon, found Mr. Pemberton of Lac La Biche going with boats to Norway House, seven days from Fort Pitt.

Saturday, May 16th — At Fort Edmonton

Idled about the fort in the society of Messrs. Pemberton, Macaulay and Hardisty. All hands busy getting the boats ready to start for Norway House. Mr. Pemberton had crossed the mountains by Jasper's as far as Fort Colville, Hardisty only to the Boat Encampment. Mr. Pemberton amused us by telling us that you could only distinguish old winter camps by gazing up into the air and looking for old stumps cut off some 20 or 30 feet from the ground, the usual depth of the snow in many places. It is, of course, much too deep to remove when forming camp, and the plan is to cut green wood and make a firm platform for the fire and sleeping place on the top of the snow. He related that when he first crossed in winter he began to shovel away at the snow with a snowshoe in the usual manner, but having got down to his own depth without, to his surprise, finding any sign of ground, he sounded with a long pole but was unable to reach the ground. He therefore desisted from his labour and cut green wood in the above-described manner.

Sunday, May 17th — At Fort Edmonton

A day of rest indeed, for nearly all slept most of the day. Mr. Love, a Kentuckian and one of the batch of miners at work higher up the river, at White Mud Creek 50 miles west of Edmonton, came in today in a boat. He had been in California, thence to Columbia, and from there on account

of his health, as he stated, had ascended the Fraser River in a canoe with four others, and had crossed here by Jasper's House. He described the navigation of the Fraser River as extremely dangerous, and stated that he would not go down it for any consideration. It abounds in dangerous rapids and frightful whirlpools among huge rocks. Pine trees coming down-stream disappear in them for a time, to come out with branches stripped off and completely shattered. A large boat belonging to the Company was sucked down and all hands lost; several other lives had been lost there.

Love had brought down a small bag of pieces of fine dust, gold conglomerated by use of mercury, each about an inch square, being the work of two men and weighing about two ounces. I was surprised at the lightness of the masses, but he said the gold was of the finest quality, in very small grains, and very loosely packed. Worth 17 dollars the ounce. They had made according to his account about 90 £ apiece, some having only worked four days, others 14. Found no nuggets or coarse gold, all the finest dust. Prefers the pursuit of the latter as the yield is always regular, and if there are no great finds, there are also no great disappointments. Told us we should find the roads pretty bad in the mountains, and worse the other side.

He had come over to see some hunters about provisions and intended to work for the next week opposite the fort to await their arrival. Said he was much delighted with the mining prospects here. Another party had started in the spring for the north source of the north branch of the river, where they expected to find gold in greater abundance, but nothing had been heard of them, since. Told us of Perry, a downright down-east Yankee. Pemberton, who had seen him sometime at Jasper's House, said he was the most determined fellow he ever knew. He crossed the prairies to the Rocky Mountains, and over them to California, with no means of transport but a wheelbarrow which he trundled before him! It contained all provisions, tools and effects. After that he returned to the States and set out from some place in Minnesota, I think Breckenridge, without a penny, and nothing except a gun, ammunition, and the clothes he had on. He borrowed an axe at Breckenridge, cut down a large tree, made a canoe, and paddled

down the Red River alone, 600 or 700 miles to Fort Garry. From thence he made his way on foot, and supported by his gun, to Carlton where he obtained employment as driver of a cart to Edmonton. Thence crossed the mountains with a party of Cariboo. Was working a pretty good claim there, but finding that another man nearby was making about five times as much as he, kicked his rocker and pick into the river and left in disgust. Love does not know where he now is.

Lots of gold found in Peace River. Pemberton found plenty near Jasper's House in small stream running into Athabasca River.

Hardisty told us of contest between priest and Methodist minister, Mr. Wolsey. Priest catches a convert and baptizes him. Wolsey hears of it and baptizes him over again, and so on *ad infinitum*, it being with great difficulty that convert knows whether he was made Papist or Protestant last. Quarrelled very fiercely at table about saying grace at dinner when both staying at the fort. Mr. Brazeau, who was in charge at the time, told them if they did not behave better they should neither of them be allowed to say it at all. Whereupon they compromised and agreed to say it alternately. The priest did not understand English, and Wolsey not French. Priest tried Latin; Wolsey at fault. They were therefore driven to Cree, of which they neither knew much. Their, "Keya Margastun, niya mirvarsin", "keya a rascal", "keya crapeau", intensely amused Brazeau and Macaulay who were the spectators. Wolsey trying to make a settlement near here in the woods. Failed, and left his house, building another at lake near main river. Spent 1,000 £ of mission money last year, and no settler but himself yet.

Macaulay, who is stationed at Jasper's, now informed us that no man had yet escaped being obliged to eat horses there. He had to live on squirrels and kill an old stallion last winter. The plan pursued there is to camp all summer in woods, hunting moose for provisions, the fort being closed during that season, the Shushwaps coming in to trade only in winter. Last autumn, on arriving at fort, Macaulay found all parchment windows gone. Afraid the fort had been robbed. Entered and heard something trotting about in loft overhead. Went up and found wolverine who had

evidently made its home there for a considerable time, but strange to say, had not touched any goods, but lived on parchment, only edible in fort. Chivied it out and killed it with sticks. Priest from Lake St. Albans arrived in the evening.

Monday, May 18th — To Lake St. Albans

Engaged all day in writing letters, to be forwarded by Mr. Pemberton who was to start for Norway House with boats. Mr. Macaulay to leave also next day with pack horses for Jasper's. We left at sunset for the Lake, to be ready for the bears on the morrow. Arrived at dark. Baptiste took us to his uncle's who had begun a farm there. Hospitably received in one-room house. Seemed well off; plenty of milk, potatoes and dry meat.

Tuesday, May 19th — Hunting around Lake St. Albans

Set out rather late and called on the priest, who found four half-breeds to go with us to look for the grizzlies. Out all day, but found no fresh tracks. In low willow ground earth dug up in hundred places in autumn and spring, but nothing very new. Returning home much disappointed, met two men who informed us a man had seen a bear not very far off that day. Resolved to search again on the morrow with dogs, and reached priest's by dark. Supped with priest, and then hurried home in rain which became very heavy after we got in.

Wednesday, May 20th — Hunting around Lake St. Albans

Cold rainy morning, but before noon it cleared up, and we started with five men and six dogs for the place where the bear had been reported seen yesterday. But no trace could we find, and we came to the conclusion that our informant had lied, especially as we found he had described a totally different spot to other people. We found numerous old diggings, spent the rest of the day in searching without success, and returned at sundown much disheartened. Took up our old quarters at Alex Siloux's (*Baptiste's uncle.*—ED.), and found a woman just arrived who had also

seen a bear that day. Decided not to be done any more, at any rate for a few days, our horses needing rest.

Thursday, May 21st — At Fort Edmonton again

Called at the priest's; gone to river gold seeking. Good-looking nun flirting with Norwegian miner who had turned Romanist last winter to obtain a young girl of the settlement. Cantered back to fort in time for dinner, having promised to send a present to our hosts. I had caught a very bad cold and stayed in, reading "Alfred Leslie". Milton went across the river to see the gold washing, but came back disgusted with smallness of result.

Friday, May 22nd — At Fort Edmonton

Mr. O'Byrne returned from the Lake to worry us about taking him across with us. As I have omitted to mention him in the proper place when we first made his acquaintance, I will give his history and our acquaintance with him here. He introduced himself to Milton on Sunday evening and talked at him furiously, and shortly after also to me. From his own account it appeared he was a graduate of Cambridge, having been at Clare. Knew Reverend T. Dixon of Bingley and Atkinson of Clare, and most of the bishops. He crammed birth and aristocracy down my throat in nauseating doses, thinking doubtless it suited my palate. After leaving Cambridge he studied law, apparently without success, and became connected with the press. After that, private tutor to several swells' sons. Been in India without bettering himself (I could not discover in what capacity). Returned to England. Invited by prosperous friend to come out to Louisiana. Did well there till prosperous friend failed. After that engaged by planter at salary of 2,000 dollars at something or other, and lived very comfortably and happily there until the war broke out. One day confounded by planter coming up and congratulating him upon being elected captain of the home guard! As he is a tremendous coward, he was horror struck and decided that the only thing to be done was to escape at once, which he effected with the assistance of a friend, but had to leave all money

and valuables behind him. Got recommendations to Bishop of New York, and appointed classical professor at Jackson College. But funds fell short on account of war, and professors dismissed, he being owed 45 £. Down Mississippi to Red River, to seek Archdeacon Cochrane at the Portage. He sent him in with half-breed also professed to be going across the mountains. But half-breed ate all provisions and left him at Carlton. Brought up in boats by Hardisty, for which Governor Dallas (*of Rupert's Land of the Hudson's Bay Company*.—ED.) made Hardisty pay 16/10/—£. Arrived here with nothing.

Wolsey, the Methodist minister, took pity on O'Byrne and kept him during the winter, and in the spring he came back here and lived in a miner's shanty. Mr. Christie kindly gave him some provisions to keep him from starvation. O'Byrne does not seem very grateful for the assistance he has received and sneers at Wolsey's vulgarity. He is a great talker, and I fancy a great humbug and "ne'er do well", who has been a deadweight on his friends throughout. Seems a well-informed fellow, however, and nearly knocked my head off with Latin quotations. Horribly afraid of bears and even wolves, and the men amuse themselves by exciting false alarms of bears being seen in his neighbourhood. He has left his shanty because he heard that bears are fond of willows, which grow in plenty around the place, and has taken to a lodge borrowed from some one in the fort. A storm blew it down on top of him, and he has now merely thrown it over our cart under which he resides, a man of 60, clothed in a long coat and walking with a stick. He wishes to go with us, and intimates that it will be in our interest to take him, which we can't see as he is the most helpless fellow in the world. Intends to walk with us, carrying 30 lbs. of pemmican on his back, poor provision for 36 days! Poor fellow. I wish we were not so short of carts or we would willingly give him a lift, although he is an ungrateful dog.

Saturday, May 23rd — At Fort Edmonton

Mr. Christie's little girl, who had an attack of remittent fever when I arrived, is now quite well; a pretty little child of three. Mrs. Christie raised

in this country, but visited England with her husband last year. Nothing of note occurred.

Sunday, May 24th — At Fort Edmonton

Rice pudding with very good rhubarb jam to it. A sleepy day.

Monday, May 25th — At Fort Edmonton

Three women and six children suffering from secondary syphilis. The fort will be in a nice state eventually, I expect. Bought a horse from an Indian for one-and-a-half gallons of liquor mixture, a blanket, and some tobacco. Late at night bothered by another Indian who came into our bedroom screwed and wanted to sell his horse. But we were obdurate and I very sulky, so that he asked whether I wanted to fight with him. He was very good-humoured and jocose, although pertinacious. On being told that it was too late that night, he said: "You are very foolish, for now I am drunk I don't care for my horse, but in the morning I shall be sober and shall be very fond of it". We said, "keyarki"; and he, finding it no go, left us.

Tuesday, May 26th — At Fort Edmonton

In the morning the Indian brought his horse and we bought it from him for the same price as the last. Another came, but we could not trade, the liquor being finished. In the afternoon we went across the river to wash gold. Hardisty and Baptiste accompanied us. Worked away at our tin pans, obtaining a perceptible quantity each time. They called us to supper, but forgot to send the barge, and we had to wait an hour before we could make anyone hear. Afterwards I tried to collect our gold dust with mercury, but owing to stupidity in using tin dishes and to bad manipulation we lost it all.

Wednesday, May 27th — At Fort Edmonton

Looked at some tents and at our horses. Latter fattening fast, but not yet fit to start. Arguing with Milton all day about taking a tent or a

lodge, I voting strongly in favour of the former on account of lightness and small size, he for the latter because most comfortable.

Thursday, May 28th — At Fort Edmonton

In quandary about Baptiste. Hardisty gets in André Cardinal, who shows us map and explains the road. It appears that there can be no doubt about Baptiste's finding the road easily, as the party which went last summer left a very visible trail. Decide therefore to go on as arranged, with Assiniboine and Baptiste.

Friday, May 28th, and Saturday, May 30th —

At Fort Edmonton

Very showery. Nothing occurred.

Sunday, May 31st — At Fort Edmonton

Decide to start on Wednesday or Thursday. Numerous patients with syphilis improving. Nine children and four women with syphilis ulcers and eruption.

CHAPTER EIGHT

**June 1863: From Fort Edmonton, through the
Foothills, to Jasper House**



The Travellers

Monday, June 1st — At Fort Edmonton

Arranging our packages, looking at tents, etc.

Tuesday, June 2nd — At Fort Edmonton

Assiniboine has bought a lodge, which of course finishes our argument as to whether it is most advisable to buy a tent or a lodge. We employ him to change it for a larger, which will be sufficient for all. Yesterday we made Mr. O'Byrne happy by consenting to take him with us. He made a most pathetic appeal to me as a Cambridge man, and although we knew it was foolish to burden ourselves with an extra mouth, we could not find the heart to refuse him. Resolve to set out tomorrow.

Wednesday, June 3rd — At Fort Edmonton

Assiniboine neglected to change the lodge on account of his wish to have a private one; thought, I suppose, that we should buy a tent if the thing were left till the last moment. We sent him off, however, and he effected the change, we giving a shirt, and some beads and tobacco. This, and trading with Indians for pieces of buffalo robe to put under the pack-saddles, delayed us until dinner time. During the morning, the men of the fort, headed by the saddler, a Scotchman, commenced a subscription to present Mr. O'Byrne with a horse. They soon collected 12 £, Milton and myself giving one each, John Sinclair two. Company sold the horse which was still at the big lake. Bridle given also. Arrived at the lake a little before sundown and found O'Byrne looking out for us. Sent a man off for the horse. At dusk he came back with a little black one, very lame. Not worth 5 £. O'Byrne in a great way; did not seem very grateful. Wanted me to send a man over to the guard and take another Company's horse on my own responsibility. I, of course, refused. Felt rather disgusted at his suggesting it.

Thursday, June 4th — At Fort Edmonton

Sent off Baptiste with the horse for Hardisty to examine, and a note from me explaining the matter. I went to see two patients. In afternoon

Baptiste came back with a very good white horse, but rather thin, and a note from Hardisty to say that he had never seen the previous horse before, and that the man who sold it for his debt to the Company had done him. We were to have the choice of the horse sent or another, fatter one, at the guard. When we paid our bill at the fort (23/3/4), we found that we possessed only 23 £, and therefore had to deduct three shillings and fourpence from what we had put down for the servants. Not a sixpence left now. Starvation in Caribou!

Friday, June 5th — To Sturgeon River

O'Byrne's horse very satisfactory now. Great trouble arranging all packs for the first time, but fortunately all horses prove quiet except O'Byrne's, which is the fastest runner we have. Weather fine and hot. No incident occurred after departure. Reached fine wooded and coped country, pine and aspens, and camped near a prettily wooded river. O'Byrne's assistance is nil; most helpless fellow I ever saw. Frightened of a horse, and shows very little disposition to help in anything without my asking him. Tells the men to do little things for him as if they were his servants and he an emperor. Does not even attempt to pack his own horse. I fear trouble with the men on his account. He is the greatest coward I ever saw, and I can hardly help laughing at his continual questions as to the chance of meeting grizzly bears. Assiniboine today stopped in the bush to light his pipe. When O'Byrne had gone by without seeing him, Assiniboine set up a most fearful growling. O'Byrne took to his heels and ran for it immediately.

Saturday, June 6th — Along Sturgeon River

Very wet morning. Unable to set out until nearly noon. After seven or eight miles it clouded over and began to thunder. Before we could get the tent up we were nearly wet through by a tremendous shower which continued till nearly dark.

Sunday, June 7th — To Lake St. Anne

Fine bright morning with nice breeze. Reached Lake St. Anne's about noon and dined there, getting fresh fish. After dinner went seven or eight miles round to the other side of the lake, where the Romish church and Company's house and most of the settlers are. About 50 houses. The lake is very pretty, thickly wooded all around, but a bad place, I fancy, for farming. The abundance of whitefish taken there seems the great advantage of the place. Called on Mr. Colin Fraser, who was very kind and promised us some fresh and smoked fish in the morning. Told us about the fine old hunting times 25 years ago when they supplied provisions from Wood Buffalo along the Peace River. And at Jasper's House one year, although their hunter died and they had only a man and a boy to hunt who understood nothing about it, game was so plentiful that they never missed a meal off moose and bighorns.

Said the Blackfeet were much belied. In his experience of 38 years in this country never knew an Englishman injured by them. Several Americans killed. Had spent a summer hunting with the Piegiens and was treated like a prince. Once, when out with Mr. Rowand, as they were resting in the middle of the day, a body of 200 Blackfeet, naked and in warpaint, moved on to them with fearful yells. Mr. Rowand jumped up and cried out, "Stop, you villains". One of the chiefs fortunately recognized him and stopped the rest. They were profuse in their apologies and regrets for having frightened them; many of them actually cried with vexation. They had taken them for Yankees, and would certainly have scalped them if they had not recognized Mr. Rowand. Asked permission to spend the night with them, told them not to be afraid for their horses, and made no attempt to steal.

Monday, June 8th — At Lake St. Anne

Mr. Fraser kindly sent us new milk and fish this morning. Horses strayed, and we searched for them most of the morning. Found them just before dinner. Wood thick; we got separated from one another. Decided to wait till after dinner. In the meantime Milton went to bathe, and I

walked up to Colin Fraser's and gave him some hints about his medicine chest for which he was very grateful. On going back, Baptiste preferred a request to stop for the rest of the day to visit his relations whom he had not seen for 20 years. This we could not well refuse, although we did not like the delay. In the afternoon Milton and I went over to Mr. Fraser's to drink milk and have a lesson in fly-making. We made several large flies on gimp hooks, with worsted and coloured silk for bodies and speckled duck's feathers for wings. Resembling no live fly I have seen, but Mr. Fraser assured us Rocky Mountain trout would like them greedily. He also told us that he had been 38 years in the service, 27 in charge of a post, but for want of interest had never been promoted. It was only for the last two years that his salary had been raised to 100 £ a year. If he had married a chief-trader's daughter instead of a poor woman it would have been different. He had not seen Fort Garry for 30 years, and for 15 had never been further into civilization than Edmonton!

Here Milton had a very severe symptom, followed by two more after our return to camp. He happily got through them all.

Tuesday, June 9th — Toward the Foothills

Milton woke up very seedy and with bad headache; therefore did not start. Invited to Mr. Fraser's to dine, and he gave us whitefish, potatoes and *galette* of barley flour which we enjoyed amazingly. In afternoon we weighed camp and set out, Milton being now all right again. We stayed behind the rest and had a parting pipe and drink of milk with Mr. Fraser whom we presented with a little Deane & Adams pistol. He was quite overwhelmed and almost offended at first, thinking we supposed he wanted pay for what he had done for us. He offered to get anything done for us before we returned to this country, and we asked him to find some moose and jumping deer skins for trousers and shirt. We parted from him with regret; a very fine old fellow, indeed, of Highland hospitality as well as birth.

Along an awful road, in thick wood, bogs up to the horses' middles, and fallen trees. Trail like a woodland path in England: I expected to see

the stiles every moment. Found our men already camped in an open space with good feeding for horses, about seven miles on. Mr. O'Byrne much impressed with the difficulties he had encountered; said he had never seen such travelling before although he had been in nearly every country.

Wednesday, June 10th — Toward the Foothills

I got up at sunrise and got them to prepare breakfast earlier than heretofore. Milton very sulky at having to get up in decent time. Reached a fine lake for dinner, and were nearly all the rest of the day in passing along its banks. Saw emigrants' old camp about halfway in the afternoon. Camped by a swampy lake, but very good feeding for horses. All very sleepy at night. Have made a very fair journey. Men grumble at O'Byrne's helplessness. Road rather better.

Thursday, June 11th — Toward the Foothills

Up directly after sunrise, and Milton soon after. Awfully sleepy. The mosquitoes were very bad, and I had to smoke out the tent at daybreak and then fell asleep again for a short time. Last night made O'Byrne help us to unpack the horses instead of disappearing with a pipe as is his usual custom. Pretty, cposed country.

I started in good time on foot, having first assisted in packing the horses. Shot some ducks, during which the others passed me. I caught them up in about three miles and found they had already crossed Pembina River. They sent my horse back for me. River not more than four feet in the deepest place. Found two freemen on the other side returning from trapping beaver. They had only killed 24 between them. Steel traps. Had one immense beaver whole, the first I had seen. Also greater part of two-year old black bear killed yesterday. As Milton was anxious to try for gold here, we unharnessed and proceeded to dine at once although it was only 10 o'clock, the freemen as usual kindly giving us their assistance in consuming our provisions. We thought we found a trace of gold in the river bed, but nothing conclusive. The river, narrow and stony, flows down a deep, narrow valley with precipitous cliffs in many places, in which are

to be seen seams of coal, in one place apparently some 12 feet thick. The sandbanks and shores were strewn with blocks of coal, and it cropped out along the shore. Did not seem of the finest quality, rather soft and dirty, like engine coal. Went on rather late owing to a delay from rain, and camped in smart shower, close to a river we had followed for a long time.

Friday, June 12th — Toward the Foothills

All through the day had swampy ground, often covered with fallen timber, and very heavy work for the horses. In the morning heard a rustling in the bushes, probably a wolf, which horrified O'Byrne who was sure it was a grizzly bear. Weather sunny and breezy.

Saturday, June 13th — Toward the Foothills

Heavy rain at daybreak. We do not get up as early as usual. I led on foot and took them a good spell as the road was nearly all sound, although thickly wooded. One part of the road was very pretty, lying on the edge of a beautifully wooded little valley with a stream at the bottom. Fresh track of black bear. Other parts through what resembled pine and larch plantations in England. After dinner did not get ahead more than three or four miles, the path the whole way lying through swamp, up to the bellies of the horses not unfrequently. O'Byrne came and joined us at some bread and butter in the evening and proved rather amusing with his account of American life and manners. Boys at school revolver the professors! His own experience. Mosquitoes dreadful. Woods on fire; looks at first like approaching storm.

Sunday, June 14th — Toward the Foothills

Up directly after sunrise. A sharp frost last night. O'Byrne's boots frozen. I led them a good long stage before dinner, much to Milton's disgust. Stayed for dinner at an old beaver dam where a river had been converted into a lake, a tiny stream, and a patch of grass. After that through pretty wooded country with firm path to a little river where we

camped. After arranging the things, Assiniboine took his gun to look for beaver, Baptiste having seen "sign" when looking for firewood. I was on the point of accompanying him, but it struck me that there might be trout in the stream as it was very like a Yorkshire moor stream, and I therefore walked down it. Saw a small fish rising and went back for tackle. I had unfortunately lost the flies which Mr. Fraser helped me to make at St. Anne's. They were contained in a little brass box which had belonged to my grandfather, and I regretted the loss much on that account. The box fell out of my pocket somewhere. I therefore set to work, whipped up a very rough fly, and tried to fish with that, but although they came at it twice they would not take. Had recourse to a small spinner and soon captured a small trout of some two ounces, but could not get another run. The fish was very like an English burn trout, but instead of the red spots had a red line along each side about one third of an inch broad. The black spots similar to English variety. It ate like our own fish.

Just at dark Assiniboine returned in great excitement. He had followed the stream upwards, wounded a beaver, but could not get him. After that wandered up stream two or three miles. On his return, when about a quarter of a mile from camp, heard a cracking in the bush, and thinking the horses had wandered that far, went up. To his astonishment he found himself within 10 yards of an enormous grizzly bear, which rose from his employment of tearing open rotten wood for the insects therein. The man stood still and the bear ran up to him growling horribly until he was within three or four yards. Assiniboine pulled the trigger, but the gun missed fire. He had Baptiste's double-barrel, but one barrel was loaded with small shot. At the bear's growling, two other great big fellows came running up, and they in turn walked up to him, growling and showing their teeth horribly. They retired again, and he cautiously withdrew and made a tour, coming upon them from another quarter and up wind. One of them, the largest, immediately came up growling again, the other two going off at speed. Again the gun missed fire. After some time, the bear still perambulating backwards and forwards and showing great disposition to fight, Assiniboine stole off, crossed the little stream, and succeeded in regaining the camp in

safety. I had already returned from fishing when he came back very pale and excited, and related rather incoherently at first what an escape he had had. I immediately called out to Mr. O'Bryne, who put his head in the door of the tent; his naturally long visage rapidly lengthened, and his face expressed the greatest terror, as I related what had happened. He begged to sleep in the tent and borrow my revolver, but I told him very maliciously that it was liable to go off unprovoked, which gave him as much of a fright as the bear. He eventually arranged his bed alongside the lodge and took the big axe as a bed-fellow. We were all too excited to go to sleep until very late, and resolved to go in quest of the grizzlies in the morning, it being already dark when Assiniboine returned. Hoped at any rate to find big one the man had left growling and walking about.

Monday, June 15th — Hunting interlude

We started at sunrise and found the bear tracks. We followed the tracks across the river and there found that they were all three together again, having only traversed it that morning, their footsteps being quite wet. After a good deal of careful tracking and crossing numerous other bear tracks, we found fresh dung, and soon after a bee's nest quite freshly pulled open. We thus expected to come upon them very shortly. We sat down to rest a little and have a pipe, as we knew they could not now move far, it being already nearly noon. The place was very thickly clothed with underwood and cypress, and we should probably not view them until very close, indeed. We were, however, disappointed. The men lost the track on some bare ground and could not regain it just as we were hoping for success. Did the men lose it purposely, and did Assiniboine pull the trigger at them at all, yesterday?

As we were returning home disconsolate, we came upon a moose-track of yesterday, and I decided to follow it up with Assiniboine, whilst Milton with Baptiste went back and raised camp, we to rejoin them further on. Away went Assiniboine at a great pace, and it certainly astonished me to see the ease with which he followed what I could only discern by carefully stopping to investigate. After an hour or so, the moose still going very

straight and at speed occasionally, and the weather looking very threatening, we gave up. We were already on our way back when we crossed a fresh moose-track of this morning, and set to work to follow that. In the middle of this it began to rain heavily and we sat down and got a jolly good wetting over our pipes. We then recommenced our hunt, and soon got to where the moose had begun to circle preparatory to stopping to eat and lie down. We now had to be very careful, and the rain having soaked the fallen leaves and dead grass helped us much. There was, however, a great quantity of dead wood and it was very difficult to avoid breaking the dry twigs. We found three places where he had been lying, and fresh dung some of which was still warm, but the moose had walked off. We followed the track down to the river where we lost it, and as the beast was evidently bent on a long walk, we gave up and set out for camp. About halfway we met our party, and joined in with very empty bellies and altogether very uncomfortable, cold and wet. Had to recross our little river and a long stretch of boggy ground before we found a camping place, and a very poor one, too. I immediately made a big fire and waded into some cold pemmican, having had nothing to eat all day.

Tuesday, June 16th — To McLeod's River

Going ahead as usual on foot, after about four miles I took the wrong track which led me through a most dismal pine swamp up to the knees in mud and water. I had some misgivings, and sat down to smoke a pipe and see if the rest came up. As they did not appear, I retraced my steps and gained the right path. Found they had passed already. Fired my gun at intervals to intimate that I was in the rear, in order that they might not go on too long thinking to find me at some fit camping place ahead. They did not hear, however, until they had already camped in despair and I had walked a hard two hours after them. Milton had thought me ahead, and that I was making them march so far on purpose. Much disgusted in consequence. In the evening we reached McLeod's River and camped in a pretty open spot on the banks. A fresh bear track we found there renewed Mr. O'Byrne's fears, and we had a good laugh. Found some oak fern which brought thoughts of home.

Wednesday, June 17th — Toward the Foothills

Up at sunrise. In consequence of expostulations with Milton from myself and the men we got him out in good time. We crossed McLeod's River about half a mile above where we first struck it. Here it was very shallow; water very clear. It is a pretty river, apparently as broad as the Saskatchewan, and the high banks handsomely clothed with fine pines and poplars. I had hoped for some trout in it, but could find only some small fish like dace which were taking the fly. After crossing, Milton and I stayed behind to wash for gold, but only found a doubtful trace of it. When we had finished, we found our horses had broken loose and followed the rest. Milton was very unhappy at the prospect of a long walk to catch up the party. We found his horse, however, brought up by the bridle catching a fallen tree about half a mile on. Presently we crossed a small river. I had some difficulty in finding the track, Milton staying behind to wash for gold at the mouth of the stream. I found the men camped about four miles on, and discovered that my horse had arrived before me, having lost its bridle, and also that the big axe had tumbled out of one of the saddle bags. We therefore sent Assiniboine back to look for these.

Waited a long time for Assiniboine's return. In the meantime Milton came back, having found no gold but having seen a moose which he took for the horse of some one sent in search of him. As usual, he had given some one else his rifle to carry. What bad luck mine not to have had such a chance! In the afternoon we had a tremendously long stage, as we could find no camping place. Stopped at last in the thick wood where we saw others had camped before. Found a note on a tree in pencil from Mr. Macaulay of Jasper's House stating that this was the only fit place for some distance. He got there on May 29th, having left Edmonton on the 19th, so that we were only two days longer from St. Anne's. Milton very unhappy at not being able to camp before dark.

Thursday, June 18th — Toward the Foothills

Made a short journey to rest the horses. Stopped early in pretty good feeding ground to make up for yesterday. At noon Milton found very "good

colours" of gold in the river. After camping for the night, Baptiste went ahead and found moose and bear tracks, and two small rivers, in one of which were trout and in the other beaver. We fix to move on to the little river, to fish and hunt for a day.

Friday, June 19th — In camp

Assiniboine and I off at sunrise after moose; the others to move camp to fishing place. After a hard day's work we cannot find fresh moose tracks, only innumerable old ones. Plenty fresh bear tracks, but we saw nothing. Very hot. O'Byrne set fire to the country and spoiled chance of beaver. Baptiste and Milton quarrel about the site of the lodge. Former packs up his "*petit train*" to start, but repents. We kill several fish, some resembling dace, others small trout. The boy kills a very fine, large trout of two lbs. with a partridge bait, and loses two or three more.

Saturday, June 20th — Toward the Foothills

The road now turns off a right angles from the elbow of the river, and leaving the thick pines on the bank, passes through a more open and copsy country, with hills and vales, doubtless the first hint of the Rocky Mountains. The first part is burned and affords tolerable pasturage.

Today we saw the last of our guide Baptiste Supernat. I thought the storm had blown over, but after helping to pack the horses and seeing the others start, he remained—he said—to light his pipe and we never saw him after. I had as usual started first to do the shooting and did not observe his absence for some two or three miles. Then, however, seeing he was not there, and remembering his sulkiness and conduct the day before, I inquired of Assiniboine who declared that he knew nothing. Baptiste was riding the grey, one of our best horses, and had on him the saddle-bags of O'Byrne, who was in great consternation thinking his pemmican and tea were gone. On investigation, however, it turned out that Baptiste had packed his things in the old man's bags and taken nothing but those, the horse, and some pemmican and tea. We soon pulled up and held a council of war. Assiniboine said he could find the track, and we made him guide at once,

with Baptiste's wages. The prospect before us was now one of hard work, our only man being a one-handed one. As we owed Baptiste ten £ in wages, the loss of the horse was not much. Camped at night by a little stream.

Sunday, June 21st — Up the valley of McLeod's River

Make a fair start. Rather a grind having so much work to do; no joke lifting 180 lbs. over the back of a tall horse. We are all in good spirits, the only one much out of sorts being Milton who sorely longs for revenge on Baptiste and cannot forgive the loss of his horse.

This morning we again reached McLeod's River, and continued to follow it all day camping for the night on its banks. The scenery begins to be very pretty, the country ahead being hilly and full of streams. The McLeod rolls down a fine, deep, narrow valley, well wooded. We passed one or two beautiful little spots, tiny prairies, with clumps of pine, cypress and poplar most beautifully arranged, with rounded knolls and hills around, very park-like. The boy fished for trout in one of the little streams with a gad-fly. They were too lazy to eat, and I had to stand on one side of the stream to stir them up with a long pole whilst he put the bait before their noses. In this way we caught two, but we both fell into the water with a great splash, which, however, did not frighten away the fish. Day of misfortunes. Assiniboine, Milton, self, O'Byrne lost our pipes, O'Byrne being the only one who found his again. I have only two left now; started with six from Edmonton.

Monday, June 22nd — Up the valley of McLeod's River

Can't get up as early as I wish, Milton's laziness being a great drawback. About noon we begin to suspect that we have taken the wrong track, as our road begins to appear less beaten and still keeps the bed of the river. Assiniboine had observed another path turning to the right, but had preferred this on account of seeing bullock-tracks. It struck him now that these might be those of the Yankees who went up the McLeod to look for gold this spring. They led us through a bog, and then to the top of a high

bank over the side, where they appeared to cross. The matter was now becoming serious, and we therefore unpacked the horses although there was nothing for them to eat, and Assiniboine went out to see the road. In the meantime we had dinner, and very nearly set the forest on fire, the horses trampling some of the embers into a fallen pine tree which quickly set fire to some neighbouring standing trees. I seized an axe and cut down the nearest trees. But then the little black horse got burned a little, got frightened, and rolled in the fire. I had to seize a great pole and beat it about the head before it would get out again. I thought it was done for, but it turned out little injured. Whilst this was going on, the fire had again got head. I set to work with the axe and shouted to the rest to bring water. Milton's activity and presence of mind in helping me to some at once saved us, and we got the fire under control by sundry pansful. Whilst I was energetically cutting trees and crying for water, I observed O'Byrne sitting down, tugging away at a boot. I shouted to him very angrily, "Mr. O'Byrne, what on earth are you doing? Why the devil don't you bring some water?". "I can't, I've got only one boot on", he said. "Are you a fool staying to put on a boot when the forest will be on fire in a minute and you burned to a cinder?" This frightened him, and he jumped up and limped up with a pan of water very assiduously. In an hour or so Assiniboine came back having found the road some six miles back. We packed off and got there by sundown, going at a great pace, and keeping Mr. O'Byrne at a run, for he dare not be left behind for fear of bears and of losing the road. Quite exhausted when we came in. Camped for the night in pretty open space where the road forks.

*Tuesday, June 23rd — Between the McLeod and the
Athabaska*

A good stage through the usual routine of bogs, pine woods, and poplar. Passed close to a large lake in the morning. Camped for dinner in some spruce firs near a marsh; the Yankees had camped there before. Soon after we started in the afternoon it began to thunder and rain heavily, but as we were wet through almost immediately, I did not stop until we found

a good feeding place for the horses. The storm was a very heavy one, reminding us of the one on the Red River, but not nearly so severe as that. Very glad to get the lodge up, light a fire, and change our things. Here we found written on a tree the name of Hutchison, the miner, stating that his party had come this far, and finding that they were on the banks of the Athabaska had turned again to follow the McLeod. Are we on the right road to Jasper's House?

Wednesday, June 24th — In camp

Started late, having to dry all our baggage. Hope to find the Athabaska before night, making only one long stage. Just as we were ready to start, it began to thunder heavily, and we were very glad to get the lodge put up and the goods covered before the heavy rain came down. We had to give up the idea of going on and dozed away in the lodge, whilst Assiniboine went ahead to view the road. He came back before dark with the news that we were within half a mile of the Athabaska which was tremendously swelled by rain and probably impassable. Oh dear! Too late again; two days earlier would have saved us. Will Milton never learn the value of time?

Thursday, June 25th — Along the Athabaska

Fine morning. We set off for the place where the crossing of the river is usually made, intending, if the river is still too high, to wait there and hunt until it lowers sufficiently. All morning along the Athabaska, now more swollen than before. It is a fine river, very like the McLeod but not so winding, here nearly one eighth of a mile broad and full to the banks. On a little bare knoll in the thick wood of the high bank where I stopped and awaited the others, I had my first view of the Rocky Mountains. A beautiful prospect; a bluish haze softened the picture very completely. In the foreground below us rolled the rapid Athabaska between its high banks, clothed with pine, spruce and poplar. Beyond, ranges of wooded hills running nearly north and south. Farther still and parallel, dimly in the haze, stood out the first chain of the real mountains, backed by still higher ones behind. The sun shone on the snow still lying in the hollows and on the peaks. A

cleft in the range, cut clean as if with a knife, showed us what we supposed to be the position of Jasper's House and the opening of the gorge through which we were to pass across. It looked no more than 12 or 15 miles off and we hoped to reach it by sundown. But, alas, the day clouded over after dinner, and when we had gone about two miles it began to rain heavily. We stopped and unpacked the horses. When we had finished it cleared up and we packed again, but before we could start it began to thunder and rain tremendously. We gave it up, then, and raised our lodge. Very heavy rain all night. We shall have a nice piece of work to cross the river.

Friday, June 26th — Along the Athabaska

Very wet morning. We don't hurry to set out as we shall probably have to wait for the river to go down before we are able to cross it. Showery all day. We have several views of the mountains, which remind one forcibly of some pictures of scenes in the Alps, the snow-clad tops, abrupt cliffs covered with soft blue haze, amid lower hills clothed with pine. We crossed several little rivers already swollen into torrents and some beautiful glades, parklike spots ornamented with pine, spruce and poplar very effectively. Camped for the night by a small stream where there was some splendid feeding for the horses. Mountains now look quite close, and we hope to dine there tomorrow. Frost during the night; one eighth of an inch of ice in O'Byrne's tea cup in the morning.

Saturday, June 27th — Along the Athabaska

Beautiful bright morning. I turn Milton out in fair time (perhaps 5 o'clock), at which he became very crabbed and vicious, and we had one of our usual squabbles as to the advisability of starting early and doing fairly long journeys. To reach here we have already doubled the time usually taken. Before sundown we again reached the Athabaska, here expanding into a lake with several islands. We passed close under the cliff to the right.

On the way the grey stallion stuck fast in a quagmire, and Assiniboine and I had to unload him. No one else came to help, and I was very angry

with O'Byrne. On the road I saw the *gallardia picta* in full bloom, roses, tiger-lilies, and an abundance of red and white vetches. Also blue borage and, in the moist places, marsh violets. In the evening we came to numerous branches of the road. The one we followed finished in the river, and we went on by a small track which led to a log cabin, doubtless a *cache* for provisions when out hunting from the fort, but now empty. We were compelled to camp here in order to search out the road tomorrow, it being already late. We were now fairly in the mountains.

Sunday, June 28th — In camp on the bank of the Athabaska

Resting while Milton makes *kinnikinick*, I fish, and Assiniboine investigates the road and handles the big axe, ready to work on the raft. Assiniboine discovers the grand path still leading along this side of the river. We are probably still a day's journey from the fort. Caught no fish, water being too heavy. Very wearisome, long day. Fearful amount of gadflies. Horses half mad.

Monday, June 29th — Along the Athabaska

Up at sunrise, having had a very poor night's rest. During the course of the night O'Byrne crept into the lodge, being in terrible fear of being trampled by the horses, of which indeed there was some danger—they did nothing but rush about the lodge and all over, tormented to death by flies; and they kicked against the tent poles and disturbed us dreadfully. About daybreak, Milton jumped up in his sleep with one of his usual shouts of, "Holloa, holloa, what's the matter?" O'Byrne started up in horrible terror, exclaiming: "What is it, my lord, what is it?" I smothered my laughter under the bed-clothes, Milton subsided again under his, and O'Byrne, unable to make it all out and disgusted at the continual disturbances, got up and breakfasted. During the morning's journey we found our road obstructed by fallen timber caused by a fire which was still alight, smouldering amongst the turf. We therefore had to waste a long time cutting a way through with the axe. When emerging from these difficulties, I found myself without a gun, and camped for dinner in order to go back and search for it.

To my delight Assiniboine soon returned with it, having found it where I dismounted to fetch some horses out of the wood into the path again.

We are now in the mountains in earnest, ascending the vale of the Athabaska, and passing the foot of the straight cut cliff I have mentioned before. The river spreads out here into numerous channels and winds prettily round some fine islands. The valley is some half mile broad. After dinner, Assiniboine, who was ahead, found some fresh sheep tracks and went after them. I dismounted and followed. We followed a sheep track half-way up the face of the cliff, and there I caught sight of a *mouton blanc* and lamb not very far ahead. We could not find any bighorns, although there were plenty of tracks. We therefore made a stalk up to the *moutons*, a long round up loose stones and slippery rocks. Could not see them. Cursed the others who had been shouting and making a great noise. Coming back, we found we had mistaken the point where we thought they were and carefully advanced to the edge of the cliff where we had marked them really. Some 15 yards below I descried the head of the goat looking up. This was all I could see, and I aimed between the eyes and bowled her over. She got up again and presented her broadside. My second barrel missed fire. Assiniboine therefore gave her one behind the shoulder. She staggered down the cliff, and we reloaded and followed. We had now only small shot, and I got very close and fired into the goat which was still able to scramble down the cliff. Assiniboine shot the lamb in the head; it fell a tremendous crasher down to the foot of the cliff below. He then cautiously approached the old one which was still alive, and heaved her over the edge. Crash she went, and lay quite dead at the bottom. We then descended. When I looked up at the face of the rock, I could not believe it possible that I had come down there, but in the excitement of the moment I had thought nothing of it. We now cut up the old one, took two legs and the head and brisket, and hanging these and the lamb on a pole, set off to catch up with the rest. Saw Jasper House in the distance, three miles off in the valley. Road now went nearly straight up the mountain side, and I never had such an awful grind in my life as carrying our heavy load up there. We rested three or four times, fairly done up before we reached the top. Coming

down was nearly as hard work. From the top we saw the camp fire in the valley below and fired shots in the hope that they would send horses to meet us, but we had nearly arrived before we met Milton and the boy coming to look for us. Soon after, we arrived in camp thoroughly tired. The mutton we enjoyed very much; rather strong-flavoured, but we had not tasted fresh meat for two months.

Tuesday, June 30th — Opposite Jasper House

Up very late, being so dreadfully tired. Lamb cutlets delicious. Afterwards moved camp up to the crossing place. Fine weather, but cloudy. Stream running tremendously. Our camp on the sandy shore of the river. All rest of the morning cutting dry trees to make the raft. Very heavy work, as the axes are both very small, and we require large timber for our raft on account of the great stream and the number of persons and baggage. I was regularly chawed up by dinner time, not having quite got over my hard work of yesterday, and the wood-cutting devolving on myself and Assiniboine. After our noon's rest we detailed into three parties to carry the cut timber to the river side, the place selected for our start being about 300 yards above the fort, where there was a little inlet of still water. Assiniboine and I one party, to carry the heavy logs, Milton and O'Byrne, and wife and boy, two others for the lighter ones. It was all Assiniboine and I could do to stagger on under our heavy loads, and we required the assistance of all the rest to get them on our shoulders. Walking over the pebbles and shingle of the shore with heavy loads soon cut our moccasins through, and my feet hurt tremendously.

Milton very much disgusted with his helpmate O'Byrne who gave much advice and exerted himself not at all. He would not put one end of the log they were carrying (very light ones) on his shoulder, but held it with one hand, and after going a few yards let it down suddenly saying that he was exhausted, thereby hurting Milton considerably by the jar. Not too exhausted to give a great many orders all the time. I and Assiniboine met them coming with a load, when O'Byrne pulled up and let Milton, who was working well, drag along the log alone. Assiniboine, very indignant, gave

vent to some strong language in French, and seizing the wood, put it on his shoulder and ran off with it. Milton came up to me very vexed with O'Byrne, and he, overhearing, I suppose, what we were saying, came up also and said that it was very well for me with shoulders like the Durham Ox, but he was not so strong. I told him that I had had to lift more than double the weight, and that I had strained under it until the perspiration poured off me, whilst he seemed very comfortable. And I said that Milton had behaved very differently from him. "Oh", O'Byrne said, "he is fired with the emulation of youth". He also said that his hand was sore and showed me a little scratch on his thumb. But I exhibited to him my hands perfectly raw with blisters, and that finally shamed him, or rather shut him up. When all the wood was collected, the sun being now only about an hour from setting, we decided that it was too late to attempt to traverse that night and retired to supper and bed. Heard a distant shot in the afternoon.

CHAPTER NINE

**July 1863: From Jasper House to the
Headwaters of the Thompson River**



Above Jasper House

*Wednesday, July 1st — On the Athabaska opposite
Jasper House*

The valley of the Athabaska is very fine, surrounded by lofty mountains on every side. These are clothed two thirds of the way with pines, with the upper part bare rocks covered with snow and capped with clouds, the river winding in the valley below with numerous lakes and smaller streams. Some parts of the valley are like a garden with wild flowers, the most showy being the *gallardia picta*, white and purple vetches, and a brilliant red flower something like the scarlet *lychnis* in effect. The fort (*Jasper House*. — ED.) is merely a little house, surrounded with low paling, very clean looking and pretty, on the west side of the river. We only, of course, saw it at a distance of some 400 or 500 yards.

When I awoke, I found a stranger in the camp, one of Macaulay's party which had divided at McLeod's River. He was head of the moose division, Macaulay and three others going after sheep and agreeing to meet here today. The man told us it was very lucky we had not crossed, as by following the river for a day's journey on this side we should find a better crossing place, and also avoid a very bad river which was probably now impassable. We therefore decided to go on two or three miles to a good feeding place for the horses, by a lake where there were plenty of whitefish and a Company's fishery, and stay there for the day hoping for Macaulay's arrival. We camped by the fish lake and, in the afternoon, went pike fishing in a little river which flows out of it. Water very thick and killed nothing. Intensely hot. Saw bighorns on the cliff opposite, but too hot to go after them. Had a bath in the lake, which brought on one of Milton's symptoms, and he did not stay in long although the water was very warm and clear. An old half-breed wanted to go with us as far as *Tête Jaune cache*, but we told him we had no means of paying him unless he went all the way to Kamloops, or we would take him for two or three days for the first part of the road to help us across the Athabaska and Myette rivers and pay him in ammunition, etc. He took till next day to consider. Two Shushwaps, dressed only in small marmot robes and shirts, *sans culottes* and moccasins, came in. We bought from them some dried fish for powder and shot. In the

evening the Company's men put out a net and caught a whitefish immediately, which they gave us. After dark the two Shushwaps went out in the canoe and speared fish by torchlight, a very pretty sight.

Thursday, July 2nd — In camp

I had intended starting at daybreak with Assiniboine to hunt bighorns, but during the night Milton had two symptoms and I could not go. Rain coming on at early dawn, Assiniboine remained in camp also. After getting up, Milton had another symptom, but got through. The two Shushwaps brought us 11 fresh fish speared the preceding evening, for which we gave them a small piece of soap and a pint of flour. The old half-breed agreed to see us across the river for ammunition and medicine. Very hot sun and high wind in afternoon.

Friday, July 3rd — In camp

Milton awakening with the bad headache which had troubled him all day yesterday and during the night, was not fit to go on. We were obliged to stop another day, although very hard on our provisions, every one around honouring us with their company at meals. Poor devils, they were starving. I bought a moose skin dressed with the grain and a cariboo skin for a little medicine. Before dinner I again tried fishing, but the water was too thick. After that read all my letters over again and wished for later news. Just finishing dinner when Macaulay arrived. Camped close to us. Had killed 10 sheep, and at a lake nearly a day from here had killed 42 large trout in about two hours. Invited us to his tent, and feasted us on trout and fresh mutton which were appreciated highly. He also kindly sent over a quarter of bighorn to our camp. O'Byrne came also to Macaulay's camp and ate enormously. The poor fellow had begged some tea of Macaulay before. We invited Macaulay and O'Byrne to breakfast before starting.

I engaged, on my own responsibility and greatly against Milton's inclination, an old interpreter (*the already mentioned Iroquois half-breed Louis Caropontier.*—ED.) as guide to *Tête Jaune cache*, giving for his trouble a horse, one of the little pack animals we bought from the

Indians for rum. Milton thought the man was exorbitant, and was very angry with me for my obstinancy. But I had no confidence in Assiniboine and was glad to get hold of a man who bore a good character like this fellow. I should not have cared had I had one able-bodied man with me, but to be left alone with Milton and O'Byrne to haul to Cariboo would be too great an undertaking.

Saturday, July 4th — Up the Athabaska

After a roughish journey of some eight or nine miles along sides of mountains, through lakes and small rivers, many of them taking the horses above the belly and considered highly perilous by O'Byrne, we camped for dinner. Macaulay accompanied us. I never saw such an old woman as O'Byrne in my life, or such a nuisance. He had changed his sore-backed horse for a very fat little chestnut stallion who was uncommonly lazy. Coming up one of the hills, the horse lay down with O'Byrne. "Poor fellow", said he, "quite fatigued with my weight!" He only wanted a thick stick, but O'Byrne was much too frightened to lick him. Went on after dinner to a nice still place on river. Yankees crossed here leaving names on a tree. Macaulay stayed the night with us. About 15 miles from fort, 300 perhaps from Edmonton. As calculated by Yankee party, 360 miles from Edmonton to *Tête Jaune cache*. I believe at least 400.

Sunday, July 5th — Up the Athabaska

Men cut wood and made raft during the morning. There were some very large pines, and we had all to help to carry them and work very hard. As usual, O'Byrne waited until he thought everything was done, and then came up with his, "Oh, Doctor, can I be of any use?" As we were putting the raft together Assiniboine became greatly enraged at O'Byrne's idleness and swore he should not cross unless he either worked or paid. I said I had excused him, but he took no notice, and I had to speak very shortly to him, at which he was much offended. Always a quarrel with the men about this old fellow. Before we set out, we got Macaulay to give O'Byrne a good

talking-to about his idleness and interference in the management of affairs. It produced a good effect, for he was very diligent in loading the raft.

We finished the rum here, at which treat the men were much pleased. Milton gave the barrel to Macaulay, I gave him my telescopic cap, and he was gratified. We crossed famously on our raft, landing exactly where the Yankees did on 16th June. Horses driven across first. Off at once for a few miles before sundown. Assiniboine's horse (the roan) very lame.

Monday, July 6th — To the Myette River

Quite a change has come over O'Byrne in consequence of Macaulay's talking; very active in giving every help he could and not interfering or ordering at all. So far so good. He finished all his provisions yesterday and was obliged to ask me for something to breakfast on in the morning. Poor devil! I gave him a good lump of pemmican and hope he will use it carefully, or we will be short.

We reached the *Petite Maison*, or old fort, for dinner. I presume it is the site of the former Jasper's House. Much more prettily situated, on a little prairie backed by fine hills, which in this case are green nearly to the top and covered by scattered spruce.

We are still in the Athabaska valley and going south, but turn west before night to follow the river Myette (or Amiette), a small but deep stream. And an awful journey we had on account of fallen timber and rocks, the worst road I ever saw, like walking amongst game of spillikins. We had to have the two men ahead with the axe, and often to jump our horses over the fallen trees. Camped on banks of Myette. O'Byrne told me story of missionary preaching about crucifixion. Indians delighted and wished him to give diagram showing how it was done. Missionary fled in terror.

Tuesday, July 7th — Toward Yellowhead Pass

Showery weather. After a short piece of awful road crossed the Myette by a raft. Dined while the men were constructing it. The road by which we had come was the worst we had yet had; awful fallen timber. Up a narrow

defile between high hills resembling Yorkshire, but sometimes covered with pine. Crossed the Myette and its branches six times in the course of the afternoon. The last crossing very difficult, tremendous fall, immense rocks, something like the wharf just below the Strid. O'Byrne was pretty much frightened. I could hardly help laughing as he followed me closely as I had told him. No accident whatever. Then on until dark, when we found a camping place, all the rest of the road being through sand and stones. Whole country seems to be burned, and we shall probably have some difficulties with fallen timber for some time. Very irritating work driving the horses. I always expect they must break their legs. The lame horse still follows us of its own accord.

Wednesday, July 8th — Toward Yellowhead Pass

Fine, bright morning, but a heavy shower came on before we had got under way and delayed us a little. Continued showery until afternoon when it finally cleared up and was a beautiful evening. Coming through marsh and willows to the rafting place, we found the Yankees ahead had left their raft attached to the other side. Young one stripped to his shirt and wanted Milton to accompany him, which the latter declined. Young one whipped his yellow horse into the stream. The horse crossed well, but the landing place being steep it could not get up and fairly turned around and swam back. Object of taking a rope across to the raft not effected. We then drove all the horses across except O'Byrne's. Assiniboine attached a rope to its tail, and holding on to the mane, easily succeeded in gaining the raft. But the horse pulled its tail loose from the rope and Assiniboine just missed gripping it as it went back into the river. This caused him to forget to remove the horse's bridle, and it was lost. Now how was the rope to be crossed? I proposed to throw it, but they pitched it round Papillon which quickly swam across with it to its master.

During the afternoon we crossed rough ground, frequently obstructed with timber, along the side of hills. Fine hills around covered with pine nearly to the top, with higher ones beyond covered with snow. One resembling top of Norman Church tower. Nearer ones in valley of Myette

strongly reminding us of the Vale of Todmorden. I had a nasty fall, while chivying one of the pack-horses amongst the fallen timber. I put my horse at a fallen tree, the saddle turned, and I fell on my back against a fallen tree, bruising myself no little. Gun, strange to say, unhurt. Camped for night in beautiful feeding ground close to Pipestone River, a source of Myette. Found many wild flowers in this open ground.

Thursday, July 9th — Across Yellowhead Pass

Made a long morning, during which we passed the height of land (*Yellowhead Pass*. — ED). Little streams now flowed to the westward, but we had ascended so gradually from Jasper's House that it was not perceptible. Dined at the head of Buffalo Dung Lake. Road pretty good all the way. I drove one horse and followed after the guide, and we lost sight of all the rest. About half an hour after we had arrived, Milton was heard shouting in the distance and presently came up in an awful passion with me and the guide for getting so far ahead. I told him I had one horse and that the worst, and it had led me continually after it into the wood to bring it back, and I thought that the others might manage one apiece as well as myself. It turned out that the little grey had been left behind at one of the little rivers, and the young one and father had both gone back to find it, leaving all the horses to Milton and the woman.

Our guide told us this lake was a great fishing place for the Shushwaps, and there were plenty of trout. We therefore stopped early and camped for the night at an open place near burned ground. Here two constructed a raft and put out a long line into the lake with many hooks, whilst Milton and I tried the spinner and fly. But it was no use, no trout to be had. Great disappointment. Beautiful weather.

Friday, July 10th — To the Fraser

A glorious morning. Milton chose a fine hill to the left as his mountain, and I a still higher to the right. (*Mount Milton (10,090 ft.) and Mount Cheadle in the Monashee Range*. — ED.) His cone-like and terraced, mine a long range of very rugged rocks, very high and snow-clad, with green

slopes and bright pines half-way up. Both very fine, indeed. Seen better after leaving Buffalo Lake and striking Fraser, which we did this morning.

During our matitudinal march the road was pretty good, except here and there a bog, and some obstructions of fallen trees. After dinner we had an awful experience of muskegs, overflowing streams, marshes, etc., and did not reach Moose Lake as we had hoped, being compelled to camp for the night in a muskeg. The worst road and hardest work, as well as longest day, we ever had. Track frequently under water, and the little rivers we had to cross up to the horses' bellies. Everybody was tired and glad to camp, and we had a feast of bread and vegetable soup. Memorable 10th of July! O'Byrne says he shall never forget the horrors of it as long as he lives and I believe him. Milton and I could not help laughing at him as he dilated on the fearful perils we had gone through. High mountains with rugged tops on each side, Fraser valley thickly clothed with pine half-way down, and muskeg with thick pines at the bottom. Only accidents to Milton and myself. Milton fairly dragged onto the tail of his horse passing through thick bushes, but held on and scrambled up again like a monkey without stopping. My horse took a tremendous buck-jump over small fallen trees, and rammed my head into a great, dry pine branch which scratched my face handsomely. Not hurt.

Saturday, July 11th — Along the Fraser

A glorious morning again. Detained a long time searching for Bucephalus, which was eventually found on the other side of the Fraser, Assiniboine having to swim over to fetch it. Our experience was as bad or worse than yesterday. Water overflowing everywhere, and one marsh which the horses just managed to cross swimming. All the bags got well soaked, but we found no place to stop. We crossed Moose River by fording. Stream strong and deep in some places, but our men found a good passage, though the water streamed over our horses' shoulders as we faced the stream. O'Byrne as usual in a horrible fright, and nearly got into difficulties. Not guiding his horse carefully in the line shown by the guide, he was almost carried off his legs, but he fortunately stuck on with most desperate resolu-

tion until the horse got into shallower water again. His face never to be forgotten: "Hair's breadth escape, Doctor", etc., etc.

After this we emerged on the shores of Moose Lake, apparently some 14 or 15 miles long and very handsome, a sort of cross between Wastwater and Ulleswater, the hills enclosing it on each side being very lofty and rising as it were directly out of the lake. The road now lay along the edge of the lake. As it was strewn with collections of driftwood, we were frequently obliged to go out into the water, and some times to ascend the steep cliffs above us, to pass. We were obliged each to lead a pack-horse, they having a great liking for going out and having a swim in the lake, to the great detriment of the supplies. In trying to get up the mountain side beset with loose stones and fallen timber, the Savage missed footing and rolled a complete somersault. I thought it must be killed, but the horse brought up somehow right side up and tried it again. Another tumble and another try which succeeded. Neither it nor its pack were at all injured though it rolled down an awful place. Gisquakarn fell down the hillside three times, and they were obliged to unpack it and carry its load to the top. This delayed us for some time, and we re-assembled on a little open knoll wishful to stop for dinner. There was nothing for the horses, however, and our guide told us we must press on to the other end of the lake, the only place where there was any pasturage. We therefore got under way again, in and out of the water, up sides of hills, and over driftwood, until sundown when the guide pulled up. We could not reach the end of the lake that night, and the horses were compelled to fast or eat branches and pickings amongst the rocks.

When we got in we looked at our provisions and found half the pemmican soaked, but fortunately only a small quantity of flour. But all my *petit train* was wet through, and we had to have a general drying. Fortunately only half a pound of powder wet. When Hardisty crossed, he had all his pemmican putrid, had to throw it away, and starved utterly for five days.

Sunday, July 12th — Along the Fraser

Beautiful bright morning, sunlight and mist on the snow-topped mountains very lovely. Found pasturage for the horses soon after noon in a fine open place close to the banks of the river below the lake. The poor things fell to furiously, for they had had next to nothing for two days and presented a very nipped-up, hollow-flanked appearance. We resolved to rest here for the remainder of the day to finish drying our things, and also on account of the horses. On careful investigation we discovered that more than half the pemmican was soaked, all my shirts and property of every kind wet through; Milton's in his big leather bag escaped. The flour was very slightly injured. Everything was spread out in the grass and bushes in the sun which was tremendously hot. It completely melted one side of a roll of guttapercha which I carried for splints. The pemmican we partly dried by heating it in the pots and frying pans, but I am afraid it will not keep.

Part of our road today was awful, through thick wood (out of the regular track which was in the water), and pushing through bushes past and over fallen trees, on very rotten boggy ground. Gisquakarn fell twice with me, and my horse carrying the flour twice also. Milton and the rest had no misfortune.

Monday, July 13th — Along the Fraser

Another bright hot morning, turning out one of the most sultry days we have had. And very hard work we had to do. The timber was very large, and frequently two or three great trees lay on one another across the road. This fatigued the horses dreadfully, their mode of progression being merely a succession of jumps, with heavy loads, in oppressive weather. At last the horses would not go ahead at all, and did nothing but fork out of the road and try and hide in the thick wood. We had great difficulty in bringing the horses back to the path again. Some of them under the pressure of repeated blows of the stick took some extraordinary leaps. They placed themselves in most awkward situations, sometimes with forelegs over a tree over which they could not get their hind ones, sometimes jammed fast between two

trees too close together to allow the packs to pass, or trying to pass under a tree arched over the path too low for the pack-saddle. Milton got quite wild and savage, O'Byrne very confused. All three of us perspiring at every pore and quarrelling dreadfully. We arrived at the camping place for dinner very much out of temper, Milton being very aggravating by abusing the guide for not stopping sooner, whereas he had pulled up at the only place where there was feeding for the horses. After dinner I went on foot and took a horse. The others would lag behind, and I heard Milton storming and raging at his horse and continually crying out for us to stop. The guides and I got tired of this and went on. Presently Milton came up in a furious passion, having left his horse because we would not wait. I sent the guide back for another for me to drive, and took two for the rest of the day. Milton too sulky to do anything.

Just before sunset we came to a precipice with a narrow path along the side and a sheer descent into the Fraser 100 feet below. We all pulled up and the guide led his horse across. He soon returned to say that a large rock had slipped down, probably since the Yankee party had passed, and overhung the road in such a manner as to render it impossible for a pack-horse to pass without the almost certainty that the pack would catch and probably hurl the horse from the narrow footing into the river below. The American party last year had lost a horse and all contained in the pack, viz. guns, ammunition and flour, by an accident of the kind at this very place. Assiniboine, the guide and I therefore set to work with pine poles for levers, and after some quarter of an hour's work loosened the rock and hurled it down with mighty bounds and crashes into the stream below. We then led the horses across singly and without mishap. The path was about a foot broad, of hard rock covered in most places with loose slate. This so delayed us that it was quite dark and we had not found any place to camp where there was feeding ground for the horses. We were compelled to pull up amongst big pines and willows. Ground covered with moss, and nothing on earth for the horses. We had been descending rapidly all day. The Fraser is here a rapid stream boiling over rocks at a great pace.

Tuesday, July 14th — Along the Fraser

We started early, and in an hour arrived at the Grand Fork of the Fraser. Here we unpacked the horses to let them feed a little whilst the guide and Assiniboine went to explore the passage of the numerous streams which spread out over a large open space covered with a little grass and a few willows. In about half an hour we again started and crossed some five or six streams, very rapid and swollen, but not more than up to the horses' bellies. One of the horses took it into its head to swim down the main Fraser and soak our pemmican again. I thought it would be drowned, but it came safely under the bank, and we hauled it out with a rope. Another carrying the flour walked into a deep place and soaked that also. We had an awful bother with them and were very glad to be past all the water.

This Grand Fork is the original *Tête Jaune cache*, and is certainly the finest scene I have ever viewed. To the right Robson Peak, a magnificent mountain, high, rugged, covered with deep snow, the top now clearly seen although generally covered with clouds. Ranges of other mountains and pine-clad hills run along the Fraser on each side, and in the blue haze were quite fairy-like. The road followed the Fraser pretty closely. We were again delayed by numerous streams to be crossed, which seemed rather deep. The guides were a long time discovering the path, but at last we got over without accident. The last channel was a tremendously strong stream, and though not more than a yard deep, our horses had all they could do to breast it. O'Byrne horribly afraid. Let go the horse he was leading, and Assiniboine nearly carried off going after it on foot. After this we got onto higher ground and continued through thick wood, bogs and fallen timber.

Arrested by Milton who was in a great passion, and we camped where there was only a little *equisetum* for the horses, and wanting four or five hours to sundown. He began abusing me and the guide for going on and we had a grand quarrel. It had been brewing for several days, and its first origin was that Milton had neither the patience, the activity or the constant attention necessary to drive horses in the woods. I certainly was also to blame for saying severe things about this to him, but if driving horses was aggravating to Milton, so it was to me. Whenever I was near I ran and

helped him out of his difficulties, but I got tired of pulling up every five minutes when he shouted for me. Being thoroughly out of temper at all this, he took occasion to find all possible fault with the guide, who, poor man, had done his best throughout and had not so far made a mistake, but was driven to camp in bad places twice only because we did not travel fast enough to reach good ones. For two days I succeeded in persuading Milton not to interfere with the guide, who by the usage of the country is always captain of camps, of startings, etc. Today, however, although we left the place where we rested in the morning with the full understanding that we would try and reach the *cache* that night (which the guide said he thought we could easily), he pulled us up in this miserable place without anything for the horses to eat. He abused the guide and me for passing places fit to camp in when there were not any such. We had both so completely lost temper that I would not stop to quarrel and walked off. After a couple of hours, both having cooled down, we talked the matter over pretty calmly. I apologized for my hard words about the horses, but told him he was quite wrong about the guide, and from being in passion with me had unjustly abused the man. He would not allow this, although it was perfectly true, and declared he would do just the same again. I therefore said at once that I would have nothing more to do with the management of affairs under those circumstances, and he could not expect that I would if after everything being always left to me and everything prospering, he only interfered to set all wrong. We went to bed with the matter unadjusted, Milton giving orders that we should not start early because he wished to write his journal and dry some *bois gris*. And this with horses starving and feed near! Yet he declared that the reason he pulled up was because he wished to save them!

Wednesday, July 15th — Along the Fraser

A day to be remembered during the rest of my life, as eventful and crowded with misfortune. In the morning both Milton and I were very sulky and would hardly speak to one another, and Assiniboine said he and his family would leave us at the *cache* if Milton was so discontented. Milton

then said it was very bad I would not help him with the men. I said I would do all I could to keep matters straight, but would not have anything more to do with the management if he did not agree to not interfere with the guide again in the way he had done the day before. He would not, and so we started, I leading the grey which carried the flour. The boy followed close behind with my horse and Gisquakarn which carried all the personal property we possessed.

Close to the river, seeing that it had overflowed so much, I pulled up to mount the horse. The saddle, which was not girthed up, turned and I tumbled over on the other side onto my head. This stopped the young one and the two horses he was driving, and Gisquakarn, rightly so named (the fool), wandered off into the water. The more the boy tried to arrest it, the more determined was it to go on, and at last it plunged into the stream and was carried down at a great pace. Bucephalus followed its companion, and in spite all the boy's effort it too plunged in and was carried off. I could not ride to help, for my saddle was turned, and before I could put it to rights it was too late. The boy and the guide started off in pursuit, and I waited for the rest of the party to come up. I told Milton the horses had gone into the river and were probably both lost, the men were discontented, and the best thing and wisest for us to do was to give up quarelling, wipe out all that had passed, and do our best to work together or we should be left in a most unpleasant fix. He seemed to see this and we had no more words about it. The boy and the guide presently came back with the intelligence that the two horses had gone a long way down the stream, and we went a good mile before we saw them on a tiny sand bank in the middle of the stream. We passed in a small open space close to the edge of the river, and the horses seeing us began to neigh and presently Bucephalus started off and made for the bank. Gisquakarn followed, but kept straight down stream, and my horse seeing it followed after when nearly at our bank. Away they went down stream at 10 miles an hour. Both men and the boy hurried off, and Milton and I followed, but seeing one of the horses going down still in the middle of the current a good mile ahead, we gave up and went back to the horses. We took them on a few hundred yards, camped in beautiful ground

like a garden, with white and purple vetch, red *lychnis*, etc., and waited the return of the men.

About 3 o'clock they all returned bringing the brown (*Bucephalus*) with them. It appeared that both horses had again landed on the other side and again started. The brown again attempted to reach this side, but as the other continued straight down stream, it followed, and both then got into a tremendous rapid. My horse pulled up in the stream 8 to 10 yards from the side; the other passed straight on. Assiniboine rushed into the frightful current and just reached the horse. His legs were carried off under the belly of the horse, but he clung to it desperately and succeeded in bringing it to shallow water by the side. The horse was too exhausted to come out until Assiniboine had pitched off the bags into the water; they were, of course, of tremendous weight now. He spread the things on the bank and left them, and when he reached the top of the river bank he saw Gisquakarn close to the opposite bank, standing up to the girth in water and with its head in the bushes. After the man had refreshed, Milton and I went down with him to see our things and arrange them, and viewed Gisquakarn still there. The guide meanwhile hastened on to the *cache* to send up the Indians there with a canoe to rescue the horse. We were much astonished at the bravery of Assiniboine in facing such a current and rocks as he did, and we promised him five £ on the spot. Went to bed in better spirits at recovering my horse and some of my effects; Milton rather down at the probable loss of his. Even of the things we got back most were spoiled. Medicine chests soaked; Milton's completely spoiled and mine not much better, but medicines little injured. Trousers, shirts, socks, pistols (Milton's revolver and box), wads, half a pound of powder spoiled.

Thursday, July 16th — In camp on the Fraser

Very heavy showers all morning and river visibly rising. We wait anxiously for return of guide and Indians, and he arrived with two. They had been unable to ascend the rapids with the canoe, had come on foot, and seen that the horse was not there. They told us that the last party of miners, five who went down the Fraser from here in two canoes, had all been

drowned. They had found the bodies and the canoes not very far down last spring. Poor fellows! They further told us that Hutchinson's party, which we had followed so closely after they gave up the McLeod and resolved to cross to Cariboo, had left the *cache* only the day before yesterday, having rested there nine days. They had bought two canoes with their horses, and taken two Shushwaps with them as far as below the Grand Rapid. When they arrived here they had only a tiny piece of pemmican, no trousers, only their shirts, no shoes. They killed their two oxen and dried the meat.

We induced one of the Indians to cross the river on a small raft and search for the horse. He returned at dusk, said that he had seen the place where the horse was, that it had tried to get up the bank and failed, and after that had turned in to the stream once more. As there was nothing but high banks, rock and rapid below, there could not be much doubt that it had perished. A great loss to all, for it carried Milton's great leather bag with best suit, greatcoat, all moccasins, silk handkerchiefs, shirts and socks, and besides, worst of all, his letters and papers, including chequebook and passport. The loss of these papers may make serious difficulties for us. I have lost sextant, all powder and caps, revolver, cash box containing all matches, watch, ring, breast-pin, all keepsakes, papers and letters, some tea and all my tobacco. Hardest lines of all, my botanical collection utterly rotten and spoiled. Milton also lost his smoke. O'Byrne lost his letters of introduction to the Governor and the Bishop, and his tea kettle, but as the tea is nearly finished, that does not matter. Very bad: no tea or tobacco. Wet all day. Heavy showers.

Friday, July 17th — To Cache de Tête Jaune

Milton and I have pretty nearly ascertained our respective losses. He is reduced to six plugs of tobacco, one pair of very dirty and holed canvas trousers, one pair of worn-out moccasins, no boots, no coat, only leather shirt. Loss including horse estimated at 45 £. Mine estimated at 30 £. Yet Milton and I had a good laugh over it, and I think it has at least restored good feeling amongst us all. During morning we moved on to real *Cache de Tête Jaune*, a half-day's journey. Assiniboine and son looked

along river for the horse in vain. I had a great row with O'Byrne. He was behind with the woman who was driving the little black horse. We had just crossed a bad swamp when he came running up to me and said, "Doctor, Doctor, you had better go back; I hear the woman calling out". I ran back and found the black down and fast in the quagmire. The woman had taken off the packs and was trying to whack it into sufficient exertion to get out again. I set to work and helped her, but had not Assiniboine fortunately just come up in the nick of time, it was all the three of us could do to haul it out. I walked back and found the others already camped at the present *Tête Jaune cache*. I blew up O'Byrne handsomely for leaving the woman in the lurch, and told him that he would have to cry out a long time before any one came to help him now. He is the fellow who always cries out for help and needs it most from others, yet he is never ready to offer assistance and escapes giving it if possible. We have hardly spoken since. I think he richly deserved the lecture I gave him.

The Fraser here is very rapid and rocky for the whole day's journey, and is now very swollen. We saw the smoke of the Shushwaps' camp on the other side and hope to cross there tomorrow. Dried things during the evening. We are supposed now to be on the other side of the mountains, but we still see nothing but their snowy tops on every side.

Saturday, July 18th — At the Cache de Tête Jaune

The two Shushwaps transported all our baggage and ourselves also to the other side in a small dug-out which would barely carry three people. It was rather exciting work rushing down the rapid and over the waves. — We bought a great lot of wild pears, about the size of a billberry but of a rather lighter colour, growing on small bushes one, two, or three feet high. Very good and growing in enormous quantities here. An old woman made us a map of our road to Kamloops. No guide to be got, the two old men having gone with the Yankees. Young ones know nothing. Total here two old men and two young men with their wives, several children. Women clothed in marmot-robcs, men in *capotes* and moose-skin breeches. Kids nearly naked. Live on the wild goats and marmots. Milton bought two

marmot-robies, and I gave Harry's old brown blanket and an old flannel shirt for another. Milton also purchased some roots of a kind of lily which they eat. Very bitter. Milton of course swore they were delicious.

Sunday, July 19th — At the Cache de Tête Jaune

Heavy rain continued with slight intermissions all day and we were unable to move away, much to my disappointment. We went in the evening and ate wild pears. One of Shushwaps will come with us for a day if we give him a shirt. I promise him one of my remaining three white shirts. The Shushwap language very odd. Like speaking of idiot who can not get his words out. Some words same as Cree. All anxious to start again. I sent letter by guide to Macaulay at Jasper's House detailing our loss in case anything is turned in there by the Indians.

Monday, July 20th — South toward North Thompson

Very suspicious looking clouds; hope rain will keep off. Our road follows pretty wide valley running nearly north and south, at right angles to the gorge through which we have come. This valley runs on to Kamloops, we are told. The guide prepares to return to Jasper's House and crones over the little grey which he is to have in payment. When we are packing up, O'Byrne's horse is not there with the rest. The guide states he brought it up most of the way with one of his horses and could not bring it quite here. And Assiniboine states that he saw it then, and that it is probably close somewhere, but that he will not look for the property of such an idle old man as O'Byrne. We thought it was just a little ill-will on his part toward O'Byrne, and that the horse was really close at hand. We did not therefore interfere as it would do O'Byrne good to be frightened and perhaps make him look after his things a little.

Just before we started the guide went off and shouted *adieu* from the other side of the river. The boy was then sent off by his father to look again for the horse. The rest started, leaving O'Byrne and his things to await the arrival of the boy with the horse. About half a mile on we met the young one; no horse. I now began to get uneasy about the matter, and went back

with the youth to assist in the search. We searched well and asked the Shushwaps. They knew nothing. I then gave up the search, and O'Byrne, taking his saddle and blanket, walked on, with me following. Presently descried Milton in the distance returning from an unsuccessful tour, and further on the Shushwap and the young one. We were evidently done somewhere. Milton and I of course suspected that Assiniboine had *cached* the horse, intending to pick it up if he returned this way. We were considerably puzzled about how to act, for we could not have a complete rupture with Assiniboine and be left to our own resources. When we catch up with our party, the matter begins to leak out. Assiniboine says he has little doubt that the old Iroquois guide has bagged the horse, for he had told the boy that as O'Byrne was not content with the bargain, he would take the horse. And if we did not pay him satisfactorily, he would bag all ours! He had also tried to induce him to persuade his father to leave us here, as we had lost all our property and would not be able to pay him. We therefore concluded that the old fellow had got the horse, but no doubt with Assiniboine's privity. O'Byrne almost heartbroken as he has now lost everything of any value, viz. papers and horse.

We make a very good journey. Fallen timber small, fine road; level barren sand with small cypresses. Dine near a lake. Camp for the night near where the road divides for the last time. Americans with A. Cardinal very little further in two days. No rain, but dull.

Tuesday, July 21st — South toward the North Thompson

Dull morning. We paid the Shushwap who had come thus far as a guide with one of my remaining white shirts and four fish-hooks; very good pay for an easy day's work. He returned, and we went forward about a mile to a river in front of us which we had been told we should have to raft. Is this the Canoe River? From the high plain of the valley above we had a steep descent to the valley of the river, which we cut nearly at right angles. The river was high and the stream very strong. We followed it up some little distance before we found a place at all suitable for crossing. We then drove the horses across, and set to work to cut wood for the raft. Assiniboine tied

it firmly and strongly, a most fortunate circumstance as it turned out. We saw that we should have to run a long way down as the bank on the other side was beset with drift, and had trees overhanging the stream, which was running at a great pace. We had some trouble in all getting on the raft on account of the current.

Then away we went down stream at a fearful pace, it appearing certain that we must run foul of a tree overhanging the bank on the side we started from. By very vigorous poling, urged on by the frantic shouts of Assiniboine, we just succeeded in escaping it. But the current setting in strong for the other side from this point, before we knew it or could make any real effort to resist, we were on the far side of the river, going straight for a little rapid which we passed over like an arrow, and then to what seemed certain destruction, a large pine closely overhanging the water and through the branches of which the water was rushing and boiling like a mill stream at the wheel. Assiniboine shouted, "Land with the rope!", jumping himself with one and catching a small tree round which he whipped it like lightning. It snapped like a thread, and the other, with which I had leaped ashore when the raft had neared land for an instant before rushing under the pine, was dragged out of my hand in a moment. The raft rushed under the tree, I saw O'Byrne struggling in the branches, while everything and everybody else seemed to have been swept off like flies. Then I saw O'Byrne sailing down stream alone, sitting in the stern quite motionless as if steering. I heard a gurgling sound from the tree and saw Milton and the woman clinging to it. She was in a much better position for holding on, lying on her back past the tree with her arms stretched above her head holding to the branches, whilst he was on the upper side of the tree, with his hold very much more difficult, his body being sucked under. I gave him a hand, and he soon climbed up beside me. He was very cool and collected. We then got hold of the woman, but here was difficulty. She was further up the tree where it overhung so high that we could not haul her up, and how to pass her along to shore clear of the branches we could not see. The young one came up and was in a great state of mind, but suggested a rope. Where was Assiniboine? The boy ran off crying out for his father and a rope. I then espied O'Byrne walking on the bank, with a face which betokened perfect

imbecility. I shouted to him, "For God's sake, try and bring us a rope or the woman will be drowned", but he only held his hands up in dismay. I now saw Assiniboine on the raft which had brought up lower down, evidently working with all his might to untie a rope. Meanwhile Milton held up the woman's head, and I held her firmly by her girdle and arm. After what seemed an age, though really very quickly I suppose, Assiniboine came up with the cord, and with his assistance we soon landed the woman all safe, though fearfully numb and cold, the water being like ice.

Assiniboine was in great rage with O'Byrne. He said that he followed the raft not knowing what had become of the rest, and called to O'Byrne to throw him the rope which he held in his hand as he neared the land. But O'Byrne only shook his head and cried, "No, no, no", and when at last the ship brought to, jumped ashore and ran away as fast as he could. O'Byrne told me afterwards that he had no recollection of what happened after the raft passed under the tree.

We all went down where the raft brought up and found our provisions safe and dry. Everything safe except Assiniboine's bags and saddle, and with them our remnant of tea. Assiniboine and wife absolutely destitute; I lent her and Milton dry things and gave them a drop of rum. We had very great difficulty in making a fire as rain came on and we had no matches. Very little dry tinder. We then moved on two miles to camp for the night, O'Byrne being quite miserable until out of hearing of the sound of the river.

Wednesday, July 22nd — South toward the North Thompson

Started late on account of the horses having strayed back to the good feeding by the river, but made a long morning over the rocky ground along the side of the valley. We were obliged to camp for dinner on the bare rocky side of a hill, in consequence of having lost our frying-pan which Assiniboine and I went back two or three miles to seek, but without success. The day before I lost my whip and Milton his tinder bag, and in the river his fire-bag and cap. Now the only flint and steel in the party is Assiniboine's. No matches. Milton has to have the cap he gave me, and I go bareheaded. Bread baked in the soup-kettle and on plates. After dinner lost

our road for a short time, but soon after recovered it. We found such a splendid fording place for the horses near the banks of the little river we had been following that we resolved to camp there although it was early. A splendid glacier mountain ahead.

Thursday, July 23rd — South toward the North Thompson

A good start and a long day. A magnificent mountain covered with glaciers appears to shut in the valley before us. We made very great progress towards it today and succeeded in reaching a very nice place to camp for the night. During the day we had passed the height of land and come into the watershed of the Thompson, the country being mostly rocky and burned. Tracks of bears very numerous. Horses getting very slow and sluggish. Little red nearly finished.

Friday, July 24th — South toward the North Thompson

A long morning through dense pine forest, camping in thick wood for dinner. Fallen timber and muskeg made it dreadfully severe work for horses. In afternoon we crossed the river. Stream very strong and rather deep, rushing over one's knees as we sat in the saddle. Put the packs high on the top of the saddle and crossed thus. Two more small rivers before camping for night in a place with only a little grass and *equisetum*. Saw some enormous timber, some pine, but the largest Tamasquatty cedar. Two close together being six-and-a-half embraces, or about 39 feet round, the other five about 30 feet, and of tremendous height. Ate plentiful of a large kind of billberry as big as sloes. Bear and beaver tracks everywhere. Country ahead opens out a little.

Saturday, July 25th — On the North Thompson

A gloriously bright morning. We had many difficulties. First all horses squandered in a muskeg beset with heavy timber and underbrush, and a dreadful bother to bring them all into the track again. Then stopped by an arm of a very deep river. We had to unpack the horses and lead them carefully over a half broken-through beaver dam, carrying the packs over

ourselves. After that the grey fell in a little gully full of water and could not get up again. Had to cut the ropes which tied the packs and haul it out. Flour a good deal wet. This all wasted so much time that we had only done two or three miles when we camped at noon. After dinner two hours brought us to the banks of the main Thompson where we were obliged to pull up and camp in order to ascertain where the road now went.

Assiniboine crossed the branch we had been following, but found only Indian foot tracks. The map given us by the old woman does not agree with the road followed by the Yankees. For according to her map we ought not to have crossed the branch we had followed until long after its junction with the main branch. What is to be done? Resolve to cross main branch and follow the main river and American road as long as it leads in right direction.

Sunday, July 26th — In camp on the Thompson

Sand flies and mosquitoes terribly annoying. Assiniboine goes off to look for place to cross. Much discussion during the day as to what course we ought to pursue. Assiniboine has completely investigated the other side of the river below junction and no road there. There must therefore be either a road following main river down to Kamloops on right bank, or the Yankee road turns there north-west, and follows up the main branch to Cariboo. Milton for going to Cariboo direct. I advise in view of present shortness of supplies that it will be wiser to follow the river to Kamloops if we find a practicable road; if not, follow Yankees wherever they go. We observed what is, I believe, common in these mountain rivers, that the water rises at least a foot in the evening, going down rapidly during night and next morning. Effect on mountain tops of sun and frost, alternately. I assist Assiniboine to cut logs for raft. Very hot work. In evening we carry some to the river bank; a nice sandy inlet to start from. O'Byrne gave vent to the usual groans and sighs whilst staggering under a small tree. Resolve to husband our provisions, but Milton will make no definite plan.

Monday, July 27th — Along the Thompson

Milton's birthday, but a day of work, putting raft together and crossing. Very anxious to get to the other side to see where Yankees have

steered. We drove the horses across without much trouble, and then packed our raft and set out on our voyage. We were much favoured by the conditions of the place, for a large tree which had drifted down had stuck in the middle of the river and caused a large eddy, there. We gained it easily, and then poled like mad across the stream into the shallow bank on the far side, landing easily and safely. After we had put everything in order, untied the raft, fetched up the horses, and dined, it being now about four o'clock, Assiniboine proceeded to investigate. He presently came back in great disgust to say that we were on an island. Where the Yankees had gone he could not well make out. We immediately secured six logs of the raft which had not yet floated away, and then Assiniboine went off again to investigate, and to shoot a beaver of which tracks were very numerous. He came back at dusk quite nonplussed with the Yankees, who had evidently landed on the island, gone forward about a quarter of a mile, and then camped. He could not make out their course afterwards. We must have a thorough investigation tomorrow and find out where the Americans went, and if there is an Indian trail forward to Kamloops.

Tuesday, July 28th — Along the Thompson

Assiniboine off early to search for the road. He comes back before Milton is up to say that he has found it. The Yankees appear to have been rather at fault. They had recrossed the main branch and gone nearly due west, toward Cariboo probably. After a short distance of this they had camped evidently for a day, roads leaving and coming in various directions. But the marked road again crossed the main branch, and then followed the main river on the right bank, making now, I suppose, for the fort (*Kamloops*. — ED.).

We had awful work to cut into this road. First, we had to carry all our baggage over the drift timber collected against an old beaver dam which formed a natural bridge. It was very difficult work in some places, having only a small pine to walk along over the rushing stream, and carrying as I did a heavy weight, viz. the horse packs containing the flour. O'Byrne was rushing to get over without carrying anything, but I stopped him. He would

not go back for anything until Assiniboine threatened to strike him over the head. He then set off in great haste and carried four more lots! After this, it took a good half hour to make the horses cross. They got half-way, and then stood in shallow water and would not move in spite of sticks, stones and yells till we were quite mad with vexation. Next we had to carry all the things up a steep precipice along the side of which the road lay, and pack the horses in this narrow path. And when we set out, the road was much beset with fallen timber, and sometimes passed in the river, so that we were obliged to cut a new one alongside of the hill. Assiniboine completely done when we camped at night, and all tired. Miserable place for horses.

Wednesday, July 29th — Along the Thompson

Milton will delay to have moccasins made, although I offered to lend him a pair to enable us to go forward to some feeding for the horses. Much squabbling between us during the last few days, and I have now completely resigned all share in the management, or rather mismanagement. Assiniboine much put out, and I myself thoroughly sick of such childish work.

We got off a little before noon and had very heavy work up the hill and over fallen timber. Very severe work for horses. A succession of hills or ranges of hills come down to the river at intervals of a few miles, with very steep descents towards the stream. We worked away a long time until, about two hours before sundown, we came to a little swamp with *equisetum*. Here we pulled up to camp for the night.

About a quarter of an hour before we came upon a great number of trees cut down, a number of pack-saddles, harness, etc. It now became quite plain that many of the American party of last Fall at any rate had become weary of the difficulties of the road, and had made canoes and rafts to go down the river. They had also killed their oxen and dried the meat, for there was a large *chapeau* for that purpose. On a tree they had written, "Slaughter Camp, September 22, 1862", and four names. What had they done with their horses? We were tremendously nonplussed over this, as the road appeared at an end, but in going forward to find a suitable camping

place we came upon a continuation of it, and we were once more at ease. After feeding (it deserves no better name for we have now only pemmican and flour, and neither tea, salt, or grease), O'Byrne, Milton and I walked forward to look at the road. The other two presently turned back, but I continued on, the road leading me through muskeg to the banks of a small division of the river here making an island with the main stream. Here again there were cut-down trees, five or six pack-saddles, etc. A 100 yards further more trees and chips, and no road to be found. I came to the disagreeable conclusion that all the American party must have embarked, and that we should now have to cut our own road to Kamloops. Pleasant prospect that, with such great obstructions and only one little axe! O'Byrne awfully knocked over, Milton indifferent. The rest not much cast down, Assiniboine bravely exhorting us not to be down, for we would get out of the mess. We had many jokes about eating horse, etc. We have provisions for 10 days yet, and in that time ought to be near the fort and perhaps in open country.

Thursday, July 30th — In camp on the Thompson

We had a very uncomfortable night of it. Sand flies and mosquitoes almost prevented sleep, and at dawn heavy rain came on which continued until 10 or 11 o'clock. Assiniboine set out, and soon after we heard a shot, and his dog Papillon in full cry. Hope for bear or cariboo. I writing journal and smoking *kinnikinick*. Loss of tobacco felt more than ever now. After three or four hours hear sound of axe in distance. To our delight Assiniboine appears bearing a black bear over his shoulders, a yearling cub. All set to work to skin and cut it up, and a great feast we had making bread and *apoulards*. First fresh meat since leaving Jasper's House, but the want of salt an immense drawback. This gives us two more days' provisions at least, and with one third of a pemmican and a quarter of a bag of flour ought to take us into Kamloops, which can not be more than 100 miles off. Assiniboine reports that the country appears to be more favourable for some distance ahead. Perhaps we can cut our road without much difficulty.

Friday, July 31st — Along the Thompson

Very heavy rain set in at daybreak and continued till noon. We got off, but it continued showery all the way, and set in heavily just before we camped for the night by the river. We had very harassing work keeping horses straight, as there is now no track except that made by the leading horse — and that not very perceptible, the road being so beset by red willow and the great-leaved prickly plant which trails along the ground, pierces one's moccasins and trousers, and trips up the horses. The road also bad from fallen timber part of the way; after that pretty open.

CHAPTER TEN

**August 1863: From the Headwaters
of the Thompson to Kamloops**



Along the Thompson

Saturday, August 1st — Along the Thompson

A very hard day of it and very little progress. Although not stopping for dinner, yet I doubt whether our day's work is more than six or seven miles, and as harassing to the horses as 30 on a decent road. Fallen timber up and down mountain sides, ground all as rotten as the timber and abounding in bogs, quagmires, and concealed springs. The whole so thickly covered with that infernally prickly trailer and the red willow that it is impossible to see what is before you when you make your path. Horses very slow and hesitating in consequence, not knowing where to put their feet. Sometimes up to the hocks in soft ground.

We seem to be passing the last mountain with snow on it to the right. To the left, the hills have for some time rapidly lessened in size and become pine-clad over the summit. Perhaps the first-named mountain to the right may be the one which the old woman (wretched old impostor!) said was not very far from the fort. I don't expect to reach the fort for above a week yet. The rest more sanguine. Economize victuals by having only two meals a day. No stoppage in middle of day for dinner. During day the river opened out into several streams forming three islands. Assiniboine found marks where Yankees had put three horses ashore, and probably some one with them, but we could not stop to investigate. Frightfully hungry at night, but had only half a bellyful of *rubbaboo* (*thin soup made of pemmican or dry meat, a little flour, and a lot of water.* — ED.). Assiniboine almost disabled by thorns in hand and legs. Showery day.

Sunday, August 2nd — Along the Thompson

Fine bright morning, during which I don't think we made more than three miles. Stopped for dinner, as the horses were very done by their rough work and usage. After this we made another mile; all horses got along with difficulty. I tumbled onto track which Assiniboine supposes has been made by Yankees with horses unshipped from raft. Follows this and camps by marsh. Milton and I seriously discuss the course to be pursued if horses stuck up. I am for leaving them and walking, but he won't listen to that. Provisions getting very small: one eighth of pemmican and a quarter of a bag of flour.

Monday, August 3rd — Along the Thompson

Heavy rain in night, bright morning, then clouding over again. We have fairly passed big hill. Valley widening rapidly and hills still lower to the right. Did perhaps three miles before dinner, and four or five after, camping at night at a long marsh where there was some splendid feeding for the horses. As this was the first time we had been in any open space since crossing the river a week ago, the effect upon me was like coming out of a darkened room into broad sunlight. The gloom of the forest being so great, Milton and I, upon my strong representation, agreed not to discuss disagreeable subjects or squabble any more. Innumerable billberries of the two large sizes of which we all ate freely. Several patches of strawberries as large as English garden fruit. Large bracken, taller and slenderer than English variety. Fern growing like English male fern, but not so good as ours. Beech fern and oak.

Assiniboine begins to get down-hearted. I have exhorted Milton to show more readiness in getting up and off in the morning, to which he agrees. Will he perform? Shot four partridges, which make a supper for us. Showers during day. All wet through to middle in high underwood.

Tuesday, August 4th — Along the Thompson

Dull morning. Our procession goes thus: Assiniboine leads with axe; wife follows leading horse with cord; then young one driving two horses; then Milton on horseback to give rest lead; then I with three horses and on foot; last O'Byrne with little black. First mile through the marsh, which we got over very quickly. After that bad road, muskeg and rocky hillsides. Several horses fell badly. Their legs are marked all over and swollen as if they had the gout. They are so frightened at every nasty place that it requires tremendous thrashing to get them over. During the morning we came upon an immense quantity of wild raspberries, as large but not as sweet or well-flavoured as English garden ones. We all ate enormously. Bear tracks very numerous. Beaver also. Country changed wonderfully for the better. Large valley, last snowy mountain to the right. To the left, only one small hill to be seen. A range a long distance away, and running east

and west across the valley, suggests that the fork of the river and the fort may be there. Tremendous rain came on and gave us no choice but to camp and lie snug all afternoon. Very hard to do under our circumstances.

Wednesday, August 5th — Along the Thompson

Late start owing to necessary repair of moccasins. Came at once upon mossy ground with very little obstruction, and made two or three miles at a good pace. Killed two partridges, therefore stopped at midday. After, Assiniboine's hand too painful to allow him to use axe. I had to go in front with him for that purpose. Papillon killed a skunk for supper. During the afternoon we came upon the hill we had seen yesterday, a small pine-clad, rounded eminence commanding the valley. No prairie. Vast woods before us. Immediately after this we crossed two mouths of a river coming down western valley. Rivers very rocky and strong current, rather full. Would have thought them dangerous at one time. After that pretty unencumbered ground till sunset. Our pemmican down to size of half of a man's head. Very economical on the whole, but Milton will have bread, which is extravagant. Mosquitoes murderous.

Thursday, August 6th — Along the Thompson

Dull morning. I had again to go ahead with the axe. The first part was good, and we found a path along which horses had passed, perhaps some of the Yankees. But after some three miles the obstructions became greater and greater, and the underwood thick. It was terribly hard work forcing one's way through all this, and about two o'clock I felt rather weak and doubled up, but recovered rapidly and finished up bravely at night. We had no rest all day and no refreshment, starting soon after sunrise and stopping only after sunset. All this on a little watery *rubbaboo*.

The valley ahead seems to expand widely a short distance on, and we have some hope of better country. We should now be very glad to see some one. Pemmican size of fist; flour very little in bottom of sack. Killed two partridges which we enjoyed for supper. Discussion about killing horses very frequent. I want to starve a little first; Milton does not intend to hesitate.

Friday, August 7th — Along the Thompson

Rather weary on turning out. Hope to do a good day's work as horses have fed well. After some little bad road we got into a long marsh, which quickly opened out, bringing us into a large valley, the confluence of five streams. We found immense quantities of beautiful billberries and stopped a short time to dine on them and gather a few for *rubbaboo*. Only killed one partridge. Saw three ducks, but they went away wild. Five geese passed at night too high; very disappointing this when there is only one day's provision in camp.

Much discussion at our council fire in our camp in the marsh. What are we to do? Milton and O'Byrne vote for stopping here tomorrow to let Assiniboine hunt. As the bear tracks are exceedingly numerous, perhaps he might succeed. Assiniboine objects on ground that we have already passed through and disturbed all the open country, and there was apparently nothing but thick wood before us where it is almost impossible to see game. Bears are the most uncertain of any game, wandering far in a day. And we are probably now not above three or four days from the fort and might get there by husbanding provisions and shooting partridges. I agree for my part, but explain to Assiniboine that Milton will not be able to get along like the rest on very short commons, and he decides to try hunting tomorrow. Milton vows to kill a horse if Assiniboine does not succeed in finding game.

Saturday, August 8th — In camp on the Thompson

Assiniboine off early. Young one and I after geese and ducks to a little lake ahead. Milton has a good sleep and rest. We see some ducks but can not get near to have a shot. On returning to camp found Assiniboine already there, quite unsuccessful in his hunt, and Milton and O'Byrne gone to look at the dead body of an Indian discovered by Assiniboine in his rambles. They returned without being able to find the body. In the afternoon young one and I and dog Rover went again to search, and also try to shoot a supper (for we had eaten our last morsel of pemmican to breakfast, a piece the size of a fist in a thin *rubbaboo* which served six, and for dinner only a marten boiled in water, which was very disgusting and made O'Byrne vomit).

We easily found the body and investigated. The head was entirely wanting, the rest of the body in a sitting posture, crouching with hands over knees over old fire. American shirt, knitted drawers, a tiny marmot robe, and a bit of old buffalo robe. Close by lay his axe, his knife and fire bag, a birch basket containing a net, Indian fishhooks and cedar bark, and another with a few onions which had grown in the basket. Just behind were a number of bones broken into very small pieces, evidently to get all nutriment possible out of them, which appeared to be part of the head and ribs of a horse. The onions told us that it was spring when he died, as well as the state of decomposition of the body. The broken bones told of probable want and starvation, the fire of small sticks of illness and weakness. He had probably killed his horse long ago and chipped up the bones of its last remnant. There was no gun to be found, but a large two-gallon American cooking kettle. And the body had no head. In vain we searched the grass and bushes around. What could have become of it? We could find no explanation. For any animal that would have eaten the head would have meddled with the rest. Assiniboine suggested he had met with foul play, probably from some Americans (who, of course, having such a bad name, are accused at once if a crime is suspected). But this seems improbable from the quiet crouching posture of the body, and the natural position of the axe, bag, etc. He had probably died naturally from illness and starvation.

Soon after we got back, Assiniboine and wife returned, the former having been quite unsuccessful in his hunt. The woman brought a large quantity of billberries, which we ate for supper made into a paste with a handful of flour. It was very good, but not satisfying. Milton then urged the necessity of killing a horse tomorrow, as he was determined not to go on any longer without a good feed. Assiniboine voted, and I also, for going on a couple of days to see what might turn up; the flour would last that time with what we could pick up in the way of partridges, etc. But knowing Milton would never get along in this way, we agreed to sentence the little black horse to die tomorrow morning. Then no one could be found willing to perform the bloody deed. Assiniboine and I said we were not far enough gone in hunger to do the thing, and it being Milton's proposition, he ought

to execute it. But he would not, and we went to bed with the point unsettled. And in rather poor spirits we were from what we had to do next morning, as well as from the sight of the dead Indian who had been in a very similar — but worse — position than ourselves in this very place.

Sunday, August 9th — In camp on the Thompson

Made a rack for drying meat, and then Assiniboine, after a long contention with Milton, executed Blackie with a ball behind the ear, and a gash across the throat afterwards. Soon had some meat in the kettle and tasted it with anxiety. All found it very sweet and good although lean and a little hard, except Milton who swore it tasted strongly of stable and he could hardly swallow it. I and the rest ate ravenously, and Milton during the day managed to pick a good deal. They were engaged all day in cutting and drying meat. I wrote my journal, ate, went and got raspberries with O'Byrne on a hill near-by, and *kinnickinick*. Very hot day, and Milton and I very weak and languid. Effect of 10 days' hard work on little to eat.

Monday, August 10th — Along the Thompson

Assiniboine makes up fire all night, and meat all nearly dry at breakfast time. We get off after dinner, having during the morning overhauled harness and bags, and packed our dry meat. It looks little now, and weighs light enough, not more than 30 or 40 pounds, perhaps enough for a week. Shall we get there by that time? Assiniboine's hand being better, he and I both went ahead with axes, having thought it no crime to take the dead Indian's little axe in our present need. Shot at a duck and two partridges but got only one partridge, the powder having become so weak of damp it is of little use. Camped on bank of river, having apparently a very bad piece before us tomorrow, side of hill coming on very perpendicularly into river. Horses much improved from rest and good food.

Tuesday, August 11th — Along the Thompson

Last night I set some lines and caught two large white trout, one of some two pounds, the other one pound, as well as a small one. Very good eating. Gave them to Milton, who can not get on with horse meat.

We were off late, and after two miles' hard cutting through some of the greatest obstructions we had yet met with Assiniboine was quite chewed up and we had to camp for dinner. I presume it took us quite three-and-a-half hours to do this short bit. In the afternoon did perhaps three miles. Road nearly as bad as in the morning. Assiniboine very *démonté*. Could not understand why we came through this pass in preference to the other. Found it strange that we did not bring a proper number of men and horses, to do the thing in style if we were *bourgeois* as we said we were. I explained as well as I could.

Wednesday, August 12th — Along the Thompson

I got up early to draw my lines: two fish, one a two-pounder. Assiniboine went forward and cut a piece of the road, whilst the rest of us packed the horses. We were much disappointed in the country as we went along. Instead of opening out as we expected, the hills came nearer and nearer together. The current of the river increased. At last it flows through the narrow pass in a rocky bed, between high pine-clad hills, as a grand rapid. Great rocks in the boiling stream. No raft could live there. To our surprise we observed a road cut on the other side. The Yankees had, I presume, given up the raft here and taken to land again, but the ground appears much more difficult than on this side. During the day Papillon treed a great porcupine, which Assiniboine shot with a ball. We were able to find nothing for the horses and therefore were unable to stop for dinner; at night were compelled to camp in bare, mossy ground. Poor beasts! They have hardly eaten since we left the marsh three days ago. There being no great obstructions, we came on better than usual; flatter ourselves we may have done 10 miles. Feasted on the porcupine at night. Found it delicious, like suckling pig but strongly flavoured. Skin one quarter of an inch thick and rich with fat. The rapid apparently continues several miles further.

Thursday, August 13th — Along the Thompson

Everybody anxious to see what is at the end of the rapid. I prophesy the grand finale, and descent onto the alluvial plain. All keep up spirits

well, though it is disheartening work cutting through thick wood for nearly a month. I could not help contrasting my luncheon of a scrap of dried horse flesh and water to the many good meals I have had on the moors on bygone twelfths of August. Again hard work nearly all day, up and down acclivities, and cutting through timber. The ground is now merely large rocks covered with moss and trees. We see now nothing before us but the continuation of the rapids through their narrow gorge. No other hills or indication of opening out. We went on until dusk, and then coming to a place apparently impassable, viz. an abrupt descent into the river beset with rocks and timber, we were again obliged to camp without pasturage for the horses. I hope this will not last long, for our sakes as well as theirs.

We have now only provisions for three more days, and seven or eight charges of powder. Dried horse meat goes fast and is very poor stuff to work on. Assiniboine fairly knocked over with increasing difficulties and discouraging prospects, but works like a man. So does his wife, who took my place ahead yesterday and cut away much better than I can. Milton beginning to be rather dismayed. Our only consolation is in talking of what good things we shall get at the fort when we do arrive there. His health keeps up well, although he says he is weak, as in truth am I and all the rest.

Friday, August 14th — Along the Thompson

Get off late, as Assiniboine was long away to find out how we could pass. We had to gradually ascend for some distance, leading the horses with cords up the exceedingly steep side of the river bank (or rather mountain), and then pass along a few hundred yards and again descend. When I had got my horse over the worst portion I looked back for O'Byrne, the only one behind me. As he was not in sight, I went back to look after him, and he presently hove in sight panting up the hill. "Where is the horse?", said I. "Oh, it's dead gone. Tumbled down the precipice. It fell headlong and must be smashed to pieces". "Good heavens", said I, "let us go at any rate and look for it", and I turned O'Byrne back with me. The place where the horse had slipped and fallen was at the height of the ascent. When I saw what a cropper it

must have gone, I gave it up as killed. But I descended to the edge of the river and there found Bucephalus on its legs, astride a large tree which lay across a hollow. It had fallen fully 100 feet, nearly perpendicularly and finally with a grand plump over a rock some 20 feet high onto the tree. It was the most extraordinary escape possible. O'Byrne and I unpacked the horse and rolled it off the tree, and I found a place to lead it round up the ascent again. Then I had to carry the bags up, killing work for I felt weak enough, pack Bucephalus again, and off. Then the grey, which I was leading, slipped, and away it went rolling down, but fortunately was brought up on its back about 10 yards down by a tree. Cords to cut, head and tail to haul at, baggage to carry up, a second time. After this we had no more accidents and soon caught up with our party who waited for us.

The road after this was pretty good. The river continued to narrow until it made a sudden turn between two huge rocks about 60 feet high, boiling through a narrow opening some 15 yards wide for about 50 yards. Very like the Strid at Bolton Abbey, a little larger, but then much larger river also. Named by Assiniboine *La Porte d'Enfer*. We continued on the top of the bank until, coming to a little marsh, we stopped early. Rapids still as far as we can see, and hills. I fished and caught only one white trout of some two pounds. We consumed our last morsel of flour in a *rubbaboo* of two partridges, dried meat and berries, which was a great luxury, and everybody went to bed comparatively happy. Have come four or five miles only. Assiniboine cut his foot badly and can hardly walk.

Saturday, August 15th — Along the Thompson

A long hard day keeping along the top of the range of hills running parallel to the river, finding the timber smaller and the obstructions less difficult. Stopped for a few minutes in the middle of the day without unpacking the horses, ate a morsel of uncooked dry meat, smoked a pipe of *kinnickinick*, and on again. We kept on until nearly dusk, and by that time left the rapids behind us and descended the hill-side onto

a flat point covered with willows and fern, and a little shave-grass. The country has now changed its aspect. The hills are as large as ever, but the valley is again wider, and the river is flowing in several channels round numerous islands quietly enough. At night we boiled our last bit of dry meat. One fish only provision in camp. Set my lines in the rain. Papillon came in with nose, jaws and tongue stuck full of porcupine quills. Milton and I worked away with forceps a long time, but finding it useless to attempt pulling those in his mouth, we gave it up. I suppose the dog will die, poor devil.

Sunday, August 16th — Along the Thompson

Rose late in consequence of wet weather. No expectation of breakfast. I went disconsolately to look at my lines and found one small trout. To my surprise found the woman cutting up dry meat. She had hidden some from us, and we now found the value of it. This with the shakings of the flour bag, which had been wet and which the woman scraped diligently, made a handsome *rubbaboo*. But this is really the last except two fish, and it must be another horse tomorrow. Found one of the fish wouldn't keep, therefore made a second breakfast of the two, and very delicious they were.

Just as it began to rain again we started, and an awful time of it we had, in fern as high as our heads, close willows, fallen timber, and muskeg. Assiniboine turned very sulky. It certainly was very harassing work and bitterly cold. All wet to the skin. Rain falling heavily. Poor O'Byrne's things sopping wet, and part of Milton's bed. After about a mile which took us an hour-and-a-half, being almost numb with cold and wet and the rain continuing to fall heavily, we pulled up on a little dry spot where there was plenty of shave-grass and camped. Resolved to kill another horse at once in order to save time. The lot fell on Assiniboine's red, which had a very bad back, but is otherwise in good condition. We will recompense Assiniboine in some way. Turned out to be capital meat, much better than the little black. It is astonishing how we all enjoyed a feast of fresh horse meat after the dry meat. Milton

ate it now with avidity. Tried to get to the river to set my lines, but was stopped by water everywhere.

Monday, August 17th — In camp on the Thompson

Rainy morning. Refitting in every way and drying meat. Trousers all torn and in rags, moccasins the same, a sorry turn-out. We shall go into the fort nearly naked. A wearisome long day, nothing but eat and smoke, mend things and keep up the fire for drying meat. All this on a wet day, camped on a tiny dry spot in the middle of muskeg, water all around, dank high fern and red willow; huge pines and cedars overhead. And then one can not help speculating about the fort, how far it is, and when we shall get there, if ever. I think of home and its comforts, the eatables and drinkables, till I am quite wild with appetite for them. And then we have no tobacco! What would I give for a pound of shag, and a yard of clay, and a quart of beer! But I can not stand this, I must change my thoughts and resort to gnawing the shoulder blade of a horse. And horse is really very good meat, if one only had something with it and could get out of this cursed forest. Two-and-a-half months now without daylight.

Tuesday, August 18th — Along the Thompson

Heard a crow this morning, an almost sure sign of open country ahead. Hurrah! new hope. Meat to be dry by noon, and then forward again. It was some time after dinner, though, before we got under way, and then we had to renew our labour of cutting through willows, pushing through bracken, and wading through water. After half a mile of this we came to signs of a road having been out, and presently to a little river of which the bottom was such soft mud that we were compelled to unpack the horses and carry over the packs ourselves by a temporary bridge of trees and boughs. It being late, and a thunderstorm coming on, we left the horses there to feed and camped on the farther side. At the last camp we had lost the only knife belonging to our *cuisine* now, the others having been all lost. This reduced us to O'Byrne's clasp knife,

mine, and Milton's razor. Assiniboine and the boy went back and searched again, and to our great delight found the knife buried in the ashes of the fire. O'Byrne went to look at the new road ahead, which he pronounces tolerable. This has raised our spirits wonderfully. Assiniboine, who had become very sour and disagreeable, is quite amiable again. Hope this is the Yankee road. A large boil coming on my knee almost prevents me walking except in great pain, but it's, "march"!

Wednesday, August 19th — Along the Thompson

We followed the road we had come upon along the edge of the river. It was apparently an Indian trapping-road improved probably by the Yankees. Horses had passed, by the frequent horse dung. Still, it was no great track, and when we came to a large marsh and sort of prairie in the afternoon we could find it no longer. Here we rested a short time and gathered and ate a quantity of berries. Some large raspberries very delicious, beautiful flavour even though watery. Large haws, like those of English thorn, but black; very nice. Pembina berries and several other kinds which I did not appreciate. Milton and O'Byrne squabbled over them like two small kids. I had the greatest possible difficulty in walking along on account of an immense boil on my knee, which swelled to the size of two fists. No help for it. Camped at night near river, with swamp for horses. Weather fine and apparently settled.

Thursday, August 20th — Along the Thompson

During the day the valley continued to widen, the river flowed round several islands with good stretches of gravel, and we had a sort of track along which horses had passed by the edge of the river. The obstructions were fewer, and we had stretches of marsh and muskeg. In the latter we found a great number of beautiful billberries and had a feast. Dusk came on before we had time to get out of the bog, and we had to hasten to the river-side to camp in the dark. Many bear tracks. Lots of signs now, some pretty fresh, in the shape of camps, cut wood,

etc. Altogether in better spirits, the look of the country improving so much. Did perhaps six miles. Weather fine.

I have suffered horribly from anxiety the last few weeks on Milton's account. Apathetic, holding back, utterly reckless of the value of time, not appreciating the awkwardness of our position. I have no fear for myself, but for him on account of his inability to walk or endure prolonged fatigue in case of emergency. In addition, he always finds fault and quarrels about small things of no consequence, and causes Assiniboine to threaten to desert us — I know that it would not require much provocation to make him do this if things became much worse. Altogether a weary time. I am the general peacemaker. Oh! for the fort!

Friday, August 21st — Along the Thompson

Fine morning again. Set out with brighter hopes. Road better, more signs of civilized life. Immense number of billberries, raspberries, ground mulberries, gooseberries, Pembina berries, pears. Eat our fill. Stop in middle of day, it being tremendously hot. At night camp near good feeding ground where Yankees, apparently coming up river from direction of Kamloops, had made a canoe and left a notice on a tree which we could not quite make out. Assiniboine finds we have now a good horse road ahead and the trees marked. Expect a good long march tomorrow. Will try to get in without sacrificing another horse. Mosquitoes murderous.

Saturday, August 22nd — Along the Thompson

To my astonishment Lord Milton calls me at daybreak, and we get up and make fire before rest arise. Bravo! We made a splendid journey, doing some 18 miles. Camped for dinner at a real little prairie. Shot eight partridges and a marten, which ekes out our provisions a little. Road improved fast after we started. Except for a little cutting in the beginning a very good path indeed, better than most between Edmonton and Jasper House. Cypress, sand and rock. River again a rapid, not so fierce as other. Valley ahead now blocked up by great hill ahead. Expect a river there, and to sleep near fort the day after tomorrow,

perhaps starving a bit, but without killing more horses. Lots of billberries a night, delicious like best Ribstone pippins.

Sunday, August 23rd — Along the Thompson

Up before light and off in high spirits. Tremendous quantity of magnificent billberries, like grapes. Meet old Shushwap, wife and kids. From signs infer we may reach fort tonight. Beautiful country. Partially wooded hills, cliffs, little park-like prairies. Road very good indeed. Do 25 miles at least. I find myself very weak. Shoot six partridges for dinner. At night only morsel of dried horse. Camp after sundown. No sign of fort yet. It was a glorious, bright, hot day.

Monday, August 24th — Along the Thompson

Beautiful morning. Eat our last scrap of horse meat and push for the fort. After a few miles a road turns off to cross river, and we saw two women and kids on the other side, and a canoe in the water. Called out to them, but they would not come across, and finding a good road which went forward we kept on and followed that. Presently O'Byrne, who was behind, called out, "Doctor, Doctor, come here". He appeared leading a Shushwap by the hand, who was ugly as Caliban, and soon after another, younger and better-looking fellow came. We explained that we wanted to go to Kamloops and had nothing to eat, and they intimated that it was a long way yet to Kamloops. We should have to sleep on the road four times yet, but when we got there we would find plenty of bacon, flour, sugar, treacle, tobacco, and all good things. Trade articles he named in English, and also whiskey.

We turned aside and went with them, and in their camp found two women and several half naked kids. They had some berries cooking in a pot, which they gave us to eat, and most delicious they proved, as sweet as any jam in the world. After this they brought a rabbit and wanted a shirt for it, Milton giving an old one he had on. Then O'Byrne came out and bought two more for one of his shirts. Presently the man we had met yesterday appeared quite done up; he had followed us in

all haste having some potatoes to sell. We gave him a bag, and he went off and shortly returned with a few in the bottom. These we bought with another old shirt of Assiniboine's. With a partridge we had shot they made a very good dinner. After eating we went on, the younger Shushwap accompanying us till we came to a large, clear river, which they told us flowed from Lake Cariboo. Here the others, who had come down in a canoe, landed, and then brought our baggage and us across the new branch. For this we gave them an old buffalo robe each. Dirty, ugly fellow discontented, other pleased. The former had the cheek to ask a shirt for a piece of rope tobacco half an inch long.

After this we found the younger fellow and his wife camped close to. They wished us to do the same, and this we did, and made a *rubbaboo* of our potatoes, berries and partridge. We were disappointed in our hopes of fish, but made out from his signs and word, "fish", that we should get plenty tomorrow, and also that his wife had lots of potatoes at some place further on. I gave him my trousers and told him he must give me fish and potatoes for them.

Tuesday, August 25th — Along the Thompson

Up before sun. Shushwap and wife off in canoe, giving us to understand he would meet us somewhere where there was fish, and recommending us to be quick. After five or six miles, part of which was very bad road, we found the Indians waiting for us. They told us they would transfer our things and us to the opposite bank a little further on, there being a better road on the other side. On our way we passed two dead Indians laid out, covered with a blanket, all goods and chattels around, not yet completely rotten. Probably man and wife. Could not make out whether they died from starvation or small-pox, but I think the former. Given fearful accounts of the ravages of the latter lately. Young fellow's squaw much pitted in the face.

More pushing through underwood, the mosquitoes being killing, and then we emerged onto the stony beach of the river where the rest awaited us. They gave us a mess of cooked berries of which I ate greedily,

Milton sparingly. After this the Shushwap woman made a present of two fish, some lily-roots and a basket of berries to Assiniboine's wife. We cooked the berries and I again ate freely. The Indians then transported us and our horses across. Whilst loading the horses here I began to feel decidedly unwell, and by the time all was ready had such dreadful feeling of sickness that I could not walk. Assiniboine kindly offered his chestnut horse which I was glad enough to accept. But soon I felt so ill that I was quite unable to proceed, and lay down with the bridle in hand until I might be better. I stayed here some half hour, with a most violent attack of vomiting and purging, and then, feeling slightly better, got on my horse and followed the rest with difficulty and great pain. The road was dangerously bad, beset with fallen timber, along ledges of slippery and sharp rock on the sides of precipices. But I was too ill to walk, and really at the time cared little whether I and the horse fell over or not.

Some miles passed in this way when I met Assiniboine returning on foot. A horse had fallen over into the river, and he was going in search with the help of one of the Shushwaps in a canoe. High in the air we had to go now, on a slippery path, with a descent of many hundred feet into the river. Here we drove the horses along one by one. Before we finished Assiniboine came up with the missing animal. All got safely over. As I followed last with my horse some 200 yards behind, I heard a shouting and angry words, evidently between Assiniboine and O'Byrne. When I got down and caught up with the others, I inquired of Assiniboine where O'Byrne was, and he told me that he had gone off! It appeared that Assiniboine had told him to take two horses and that O'Byrne had refused. Thereupon Assiniboine, who was very hot and out of temper at the time from contending with the horses, in his anger struck him a blow with the fist, and O'Byrne had gone off at a run, although they had called to him to stop. It now became rapidly dark, and Assiniboine took the lead, finding the road at a great pace in the most wonderful manner, but I felt so ill that I called to camp at a little stream. Lost hope of supper and of meeting Milton. We made a small fire, I got out my small supply of rum and some medicines, and then

we turned in with empty bellies. What has become of O'Byrne? Knowing his propensity for losing the way, I was unhappy about him.

Wednesday, August 26th — Along the Thompson

Off very early to meet the rest and get something to eat. Four or five miles brought us to where they were camped on the sandy bank of the river. To our surprise, we found O'Byrne already there. From what Milton told me, O'Byrne had arrived at the camp sometime during the night, and had woken him in a most fearful state of mind. He said that Assiniboine had struck him a most fearful blow with the back of the axe, and that he had fled for his life. He talked very largely of murderous assault, conspiracy against his life between Assiniboine and the Shushwaps, about "giving Assiniboine up to justice on arrival at Kamloops", "irons and imprisonment", and would have started with the light to make his way to the fort alone on foot if Milton had not expostulated with him on the folly of his conduct. I looked at his head and found only a slight swelling on the occiput near protuberance, and that not even discoloured. I then went and examined Assiniboine on the subject, and he declared solemnly that he struck O'Byrne only with his fist, not with all his might, and threatened him afterwards with the axe if he did not take on the horses as he was told. This I was convinced was true from the appearance of the blow. I blew up Assiniboine and sympathized with O'Byrne, but laughed at his notion of a murderous assault. Succeeded in putting things nearly square again.

Lots of potatoes cooked ready, for which Milton had paid with his saddle and O'Byrne with his beaverteen trousers. Milton persuaded the younger Indian to take him on in the canoe to the place where we were to arrive with the horses tomorrow, and where he expected we might get salmon from other Indians there. For this he gave him the waterproof cart-cover. He expected to get in that night, and feast on salmon. We wished them good speed, and they paddled off. We then packed up and set out. I felt still very seedy, had hardly anything to eat, and was compelled to mount Bucephalus. After we had crossed a small prairie,

where we found another corpse laid as the rest, we had a tremendous rocky ascent along the side of a hill. By the time I got up the poor horse was completely done, and I had to dismount and make my way on foot as best I could. The scenery was fine all the way, indeed as it has been ever since we struck the good road. Rounded hills covered with large stone pines at almost regular intervals, with grass between, or craggy and rough, rising very suddenly out of a flat prairie valley, or coming up close to the river. We camped for the night close to the edge on a beautiful, rich prairie, where we saw our first prairie bird. Couldn't get it for supper, and tried fishing with hooks on bits of lines attached to pack ropes. No go. Obligated to be content with a few potatoes, none able to eat many dry. Mosquitoes awful. Unable to sleep until nearly midnight. Did 15 miles.

Thursday, August 27th — Along the Thompson

Started off in good time hoping to reach Milton and the salmon at camp tonight. We had gone about three hours when I heard the jingling of bells, and presently two men rode up on horses with foals at their heels, one very Spanish-looking, with old brass-mounted horse pistol in belt, and bells on bridle. The other in corduroy bags, and similar equipment of steed. Thought they were miners, but turned out to be Shushwaps. They pulled up and dismounted, filled pipes and gave us a smoke round, which we enjoyed amazingly, the strong rope tobacco making O'Byrne and myself quite drunk for a minute or two.

We eventually found the camp, with two other Indians, squaws and children, and Milton lying under shelter of a reed mat laid across the slant. Men and women better dressed than we had yet seen. Had had a grand washing day that morning and all in clean clothes. Women in red paint, hair combed out. One, very smart in green bodice and white canvas petticoat, prepared a good mess of potatoes and some weak coffee well sugared, which I found the greatest treat I had yet had. I gave her a silk handkerchief, which she put on her head at once, greatly delighted. Bought two ducks for waistcoat and shot, and pan of potatoes for pair of

stockings from an old woman. Gave several presents of shot, handkerchiefs, etc., and then started again.

Young Indian came with us. Hurried us along over rocky road, evidently making for some camping place, saying "salmon couchen". Just at dusk we arrived at a flat open space by the river where we found a camp of two or three families. Bought a dish of flour for a bit of buffalo-skin, and fish for two hooks. This, with the two ducks, two partridge I had shot, and potatoes, made the most glorious feast for months past. To our surprise a man came up who talked to us in French and English. Turned out to be a half-breed from the other side of the mountains who had come over when a boy. Told us only 17 miles from fort and road good. All kinds of good things there. Newspapers. Yankee war yet unfinished. South has the best of it. Hurrah! Went to bed happy.

Friday, August 28th — Along the Thompson

Off late. Hurrah for Mr. Mackay (*chief trader, Hudson's Bay Company, and its manager at Kamloops.*—ED.) and Kamloops! No more hardships after today. Fearfully hot and dusty, and a wearisome tramp I found it, being very footsore and weak, and the great heat making one languid in the extreme. Added to that, dyspepsia from potato diet. After seven or eight miles all glad to pull up at a stream and rest in the shade. Cook a few more potatoes. Assiniboine and wife wash and put on clean things. Milton makes *kinnickinick* in expectation of tobacco tonight.

The half-breed we had met at the camp the previous night had told us that the fort was only a reckoned 17 miles distant, and that we should arrive easily before sundown, but we must have already done more than that. Assiniboine then proposed that I should take his chestnut horse and ride ahead with Milton, trying at any rate to get ourselves in, and get canoes ready to cross the rest. I gladly agreed, being very done after 20 miles in the hot sun, and we cantered away as well as our tired horses would go. To our amusement O'Byrne came tearing after us, being, I suppose, afraid to be left in the rear with Assiniboine. It was getting dark fast when we emerged on a wide plain stretching long before us, backed

by a range of hills running east and west, in front of which the south branch of the Thompson must flow. Darker still, but at last in the twilight we discern a long, rambling shanty. Riding around to the front, we found several people seated round a tarpaulin stretched on the ground, eating. An old man jumped up, and in a curious mixture of French, English and Indian invited us to eat, saying, "*Une piastre chaque, monsieur*", "*Campez, campez ici*", etc. We must eat if it costs 50 £, so we let loose our horses, and sat down to the remains of the repast, which consisted of a greasy soup of bacon, cabbage and peas in a tin dish, beautiful white *galette*, and tea and sugar. Milton and I did wonders; we meant to do all we could to have our dollar's worth. O'Byrne shortly appeared and joined us heartily and coolly, although I informed him it was a dollar a head. The old man informed us he was Captain St. Paul, *un Canadien* of whom we must have heard. Showed us into a kind of out-house with two broken-down bedsteads in it and fowls roosting on the beams. The old boy told us there was to be a dance given that night and that all the world would be here soon. After it was quite dark, Assiniboine turned up with the pack horses, quite tired out. They had to wait for more cooking before feeding, and in the meantime we got a fire going in our "bedroom", baggage taken in, beds spread, etc.

The arrivals for the dance now commenced. Men smaller than Indians of the other side of the mountains, but more civilized and better dressed. All anxious to know who we were, where from, whether intending to mine or seek employment. Seemed rather incredulous when informed that we were a mere party of pleasure. Our ragged appearance and gaunt looks greatly against us. Milton's trousers literally rags, mine little better; shirts the same; moccasins in holes; our persons dirty and unshaven. Assiniboine and wife in same condition. Horses and dogs skeletons.

These people informed us that Mr. Mackay was away at Lillooet, but that he was expected daily, and that the person in charge in the meantime was Mr. Martin, who had been a midshipman in the navy. Shortly after, the Canadian brought up Mr. Martin, who was very civil, nephew of Admiral Martin; family in the navy for a century. Handsome, boyish-

looking fellow of some 25, full of chaff and oaths, a complete sailor in manner. Told us he had left the navy after serving in the Crimea and the Baltic. Went into East India Company's service. Invalided from there, in debt, and with liver complaint. Came out here after row at home. Worked in mines in Cariboo. Went broke twice. Could not get work. Begged his way to Victoria. Lived out there in tent with a lot of others in the same fix. Rows with Indians. Shot several. Became too dangerous living by the gun. At last gave letters of introduction to the Hudson's Bay Company in Victoria, which gave him clerk's place at once, and sent him here some 10 months ago. Asked us to come over to the fort, which we agreed to do tomorrow. I went into the dance for about an hour and had a drop of rum, after which I escaped on plea of fatigue, being really unable to keep my eyes open. Milton stayed a little longer. Continually disturbed by noise and thumping on floor of dancers in the next room. At last, toward morning, peace and rest.

Saturday, August 29th — At Fort Kamloops

We did not get our breakfast of bacon, bread and potatoes until 10 or 11 o'clock. Again ate everything before us. Horses when brought up looked so bad that we thought it not safe to cross them, and decided to leave them with old St. Paul until they recovered a little. Ourselves and baggage going forward to fort across the south branch in a canoe, for which transport we paid two old, stinking buffalo-robe saddle-cloths. We were landed close to the fort, which consisted of two or three detached wooden buildings, not yet completed, the old fort (which had been abandoned only this summer) being on the opposite side of the main river. Here we found a Mr. Burgess, one of the clerks, a civil, gentlemanly youth who took our baggage into the store and promised to arrange quarters for us in the house. We then purchased trousers and shirts, towels and soap in the store, and Burgess showing us a good bathing place, we went down to the river and had a regular scrub-down, and swim afterwards. Put on our new apparel and felt really comfortable once more. After this Martin arrived, and a Mr. Bingham, a shrewd, middle-aged man who had been in

India, China, California, and Cariboo, and is now in the Company's service, having come to grief, I suppose, on his own hook.

Then—ah! then—dinner! Mutton chops, potatoes, fresh butter, delicious *galette*, rice pudding! Never shall I forget that delightful meal. Strong tea and plenty of sugar. Talk of intellectual enjoyment. Pooh, pooh! Your stomach is the door to true delight. O'Byrne, of course, coolly entered, sat down without explaining his presence to anyone, and did more justice to the grub than even we. We heard a good deal of what was news to us. Taking of Vicksburg by the North, Mexico by the French, marriage of Prince of Wales, etc. But although we had heard nothing for eight months, very little seemed to have happened in the meantime. Three hundred Indians carried off by small-pox last winter. Order famously kept in Cariboo. Governor Douglas very efficient. Only two murders this year. Disappointed to learn that we are too late to get on to Cariboo. It is 12 days' journey from here by horse, and everybody except winter miners leave before the end of next month, the snow preventing horse communications after that time. Milton declares he will spend another year out here in order to visit the place. Plenty of gold in Cariboo, but none on the surface. Deep workings require capital; therefore so many disappointed. In California lots of surface gold at first, which is now exhausted. Great nutritiousness of pasturage about Kamloops. Bunch grass. Cattle brought from all around to winter. Get fat in very short time. Would not have believed this of a country which looks the colour of a lithograph. Wheat grows well where fairly tried. Potatoes and peas flourish, as we have seen.

Sunday, August 30th — At Fort Kamloops

Rest, eat, smoke, and talk. Still as ravenous as ever. I was astonished at my gaunt appearance and meagre hatchet face. Milton quite fat. In the afternoon two Yankees came in. They were tall, stout fellows on good horses with Mexican trappings, one armed with knife and revolver, the other with double gun and revolver. On the look-out for two murderers (an Englishman and a Yankee) of a clerk of a Mr. Dodge, who was shot returning with money from Cariboo, in open daylight, and within a few

hundred yards from the House. Money was in the saddle of other clerk, whose horse took fright and ran off with him. There is a reward of 6,000 dollars for them. Supposed to be hiding in hills and not yet to have passed Kamloops. Seen and shot at about 30 miles from here by Mr. Lane. Eight shots and all missed.

We told Martin and the rest about O'Byrne, and they resolve to be rid of him like us. He has not yet said a word about his case and comes in to meals. Bought several dollars' worth without a word. Too cool. Expects to go on with us, I suppose, but no go. Our sympathy much destroyed by his cool assurance. Sickens everybody by his talking of this great person and another in one country or another, trying to fix himself onto someone on the strength of mutual acquaintanceship with third party.

Monday, August 31st — At Fort Kamloops

Yankees depart on way back. Gave us astounding information that America and France were at war, and also Russia, Prussia and England, but further than the bare fact they know nothing. I write journal and clean gun. In the afternoon Martin asked O'Byrne what he intended to do. He said that he thought of waiting here until we went forward. Martin hinted that he fancied we did not expect his company any further, and that there was now a good road forward, and houses at which he might sleep all along. O'Byrne then said that he thought he would set out tomorrow, and Martin told him he was quite welcome to stay and rest himself until then. In the evening O'Byrne called me aside and asked me if I could supply him with a pair of socks, a silk necktie, some tea and sugar, a little bread, and money enough for the steamer from Yale to Victoria. I said I would talk with Milton on the matter, and also about a letter to certify that the letter of introduction from Archdeacon Collian to the Governor was lost in the Fraser.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

**September 1863: From Kamloops to
New Westminster**



Yale on the Fraser

Tuesday, September 1st — At Fort Kamloops

Milton kindly wrote O'Byrne's letter, and supplied him with tea, tobacco and matches for his journey. Martin gave him cakes and bacon. He was in a horrible fright of having to go alone, but we assured him there was no danger except for persons known to have a sum of money with them. He then called me aside and said, "Look here, I've got no money for the road", in the coolest manner, as if it was my duty to supply anything he liked to order. This rather put my back up, and I entered into a full explanation of the reasons which made Milton and myself rather backward in exerting ourselves to help him as much as we might do; showing him how badly he had played his cards with us in exhibiting so little inclination to do what he could to assist us in little things during the journey, and in presuming actually to order us and the men what to do; and complaining of the mismanagement and ill equipment of our party. I also said that neither Martin nor ourselves were pleased at his purchasing things in the store, coming to table, and assuming he was one of our party without a word of explanation to anyone. He wanted to laugh this off, but I made him hear me out, and he then said he had tried to do all he could and behave as politely as he was able to us. I said we had not found it so. He then actually had the impudence to begin about Assiniboine, our man, knowing that his horse was about to be stolen, and to hint that we were thus somewhat responsible. I told him that seeing both Milton and I had subscribed for the horse and had brought him over here without a farthing of cost to himself, I thought it was a most disgusting and ungrateful speech for him to make and that perhaps the conversation had better end. I walked away indignantly, and he bid us good-bye coolly, and set out, pack on back, saying that we should probably never meet again and that he bore us no ill-will. I have no doubt he will abuse us heartily behind our backs.

Enormous appetite still continues, and as we have only two meals a day, though good ones, we are compelled to get odd bits with Assiniboine in the lodge. Play whist at night. Horses brought over and put with Company's band. Bucephalus so weak it nearly drowned.

Wednesday, September 2nd — At Fort Kamloops

A most disgraceful scene at breakfast. Martin used some oaths and very strong language about Mackay and his delay in arriving here. Bingham, who is Mackay's uncle, took it up rather warmly as well he might. Martin lost his temper and shied a cup of tea in Bingham's face calling him a liar, and Mackay a damned half-breed. At this Bingham retaliated by shying his cup, tea and all, at Martin, who responded with his cup. Martin then rushed at the other and there was a regular scuffle for a short time, plates being smashed, victuals upset, and an awful mess. Bingham walked off in disgust. Milton and I thought Martin sorely to blame, but it was no affairs of ours, and we quietly finished our breakfast after it was all over. Afterwards Bingham apologized to us. Martin had not the grace to do the same.

In the afternoon a Mr. Jerome Harper arrived on horseback. He was bringing in a drove of 500 cattle from Oregon. Virginian, and staunch supporter of the South. He treated us to a tremendous tirade against the North, which he called by all the vile names he could think of. Hoped every Yankee would leave his bones on Southern soil. South would never be conquered. If it were, North would then set upon England which it hated as heartily as the South, and we should then find our mistake in not having acknowledged the Southern Confederacy at once. Said he was bitter because his mother and family had been driven out of their homes in Virginia, where they had nice estates, and left penniless. In the evening he began again a long tirade in penny-a-lining strain, and went on rhodomontading until midnight, wearying everyone.

Thursday, September 3rd — At Fort Kamloops

Mr. Harper set out again to meet his cattle. Wish Mackay would arrive with news, and enable us to make another start, as we are now rested and anxious to get to Victoria for letters. What may not have happened in the nine months since we have heard? As we are at dinner, Mackay arrived. Undersized man in cowhide coat and breeches, jackboots and large-peaked cap, like an overgrown jockey; dark complexioned. He

made himself particularly agreeable, sympathized with our hardships, and told us all the news on which he was very well up. Amused us with budget of intelligence until late. Informed us that mining was far from being a failure. The gold escort had this last trip brought down 97,000 ounces of gold which, at 3/10/- £ per ounce (under its average value), gives an equivalent of 339,500 £ at one go. The late murder had caused many who usually conveyed their gold by private hand to send it now under more efficient protection; thus the amounts coming down became more clearly known. Land near Victoria, which Mackay had bought for one £ per acre, sold for 24 £ shortly after.

Friday, September 4th — At Fort Kamloops

Explained the fix we were in to Mackay, who kindly said he would take us on with him as he was going back to Yale on Tuesday, and would provide us with horses which would save the expense of buying them and selling at a disadvantage at Lytton or Yale. Also that he would arrange our money matters, and we could remit a cheque from New Westminster or Victoria. Very kind indeed, and getting us nicely out of what might have been an unpleasant fix if he had not turned out a good fellow.

Saturday, September 5th — At Fort Kamloops

Spent the day looking at horses the other side of the river. Some shockingly injured by bad packing and brutality. Ribs broken, etc. They put one yearling filly's neck out today with the lasso when they threw it.

Sunday, September 6th — At Fort Kamloops

Went out pheasant shooting with Martin, whose only open day it was. Turned out very showery. We only found three brace of birds where they had killed 22 brace a fortnight before. We returned home early, much disappointed. Mr. Bingham rather screwed, but very quiet. Pity such a shrewd fellow should be so lost. In evening Mackay showed us specimens of opals found on Kamloops lake, and gave us each one. Vein of pure copper found 20 miles below this place. The rhombic crystals given by

Tête Jaune caché Indians to Milton, and used by them as flints, stated by Mackay to be iron pyrites.

Monday, September 7th — At Fort Kamloops

Arranging. Agree to camp out on the way as being less expensive and pleasanter also. To take only one pair of saddle-bags. We to take three horses on to Cook's Ferry for Assiniboine, wife, and boy; Mackay providing three more for Milton, myself, and baggage. Indian arrives with intelligence that little English murderer had been taken about three miles below McLean's place. Other stole Indian's canoe and crossed the river to this side; supposed to be lurking not far from here.

Tuesday, September 8th — Along Kamloops Lake

Set out rather late, Mackay having so many last orders to give and preparations to make. Bid a hearty good-bye to Martin and Burgess and jogged along. Had milk at McIvor's ranch, but did not stop for dinner. Camped at a little stream about three miles short of the end of Kamloops lake, having gone some 18 miles. All day along lake, which is nowhere more than a mile broad. Fine hills running close up to the lake; of the same character, rounded, rugged in places, sparsely timbered, yellow with bunch grass. Mackay full of talk on all kinds of subjects. Enormous appetite still continues, although I am quite fat. Road tolerably good, up and down hill.

Wednesday, September 9th — Into Bonaparte Valley

A long weary day; over 20 miles without stopping and at foot's pace. Crossed the Thompson at the foot of the lake, followed the other side for 15 miles, and then kept to the right to cut into Bonaparte Valley. Milton's saddle and also mine very uncomfortable. Uncommonly glad to camp on a little stream, where we cut into waggon road from Clinton to Lytton. Mackay had intended to push on to McLean's, six miles up the Bonaparte Valley, that night to meet his son, but received news that he would not return from Lillooet (where he had gone with the murderer) until tomorrow.

Thursday, September 10th — Toward Cook's Ferry

Mackay started for McLean's immediately after breakfast, leaving us to go forward quietly until he caught us up, or to wait at Cook's Ferry where the road crosses the Thompson. He recommended that we camp near the company of Engineers engaged in constructing the road some 16 miles on, and kindly gave us a note to Lieutenant Palmer who is in command. Passed the ranches of the two Cornwalls. Said to be Old Cantabs and men of some property who have taken to stock farming out here. Plain wooden houses, but much more finished than any we have seen. Toward evening came to a portion of unfinished road. Trail very rugged and precipitous. In a little ravine came upon a camp of some dozen tents, and presuming it must be that of the Engineers, which had been described as close, we arranged our own camp and proceeded to inquire for Lieutenant Palmer. Much disappointed to find that this was only the camp of a contractor's gang, the other being some two miles further. No end of cooking was going on in enormous tea kettles, and presently about 25 men came trooping in to supper.

We fed, and a man came up and smoked his pipe with us, not one of the contractor's men. Could not make him out, English or Canadian. Spoke well, had been up the North Thompson prospecting, following the east side, however, above the rapids. No gold. Said he had seen a letter from the Colonial Secretary to the Governor inquiring if anything had been heard of us on this side. More particulars he would not give, being, I presume, afraid we might be impostors and make use of his information. I am afraid there is much anxiety about us in the two homes in England; perhaps our last letters from Carlton not received. The man said he had come up to try to get information about the other murderer.

Friday, September 11th — At Cook's Ferry

Three more miles of rugged trail amongst rocks and precipices; then made road again to Cook's Ferry where we arrived about noon. Did not call on the Engineers' camp near ferry house; very dusty place. Saw Chinamen at work, to great amazement of Assiniboine and family. Anxiously

await Mackay's arrival until dark. He does not come. Then, being short of provisions, get beef and flour on tick. Invited by Chinaman who regulates *cuisine* to dine at ferry house, but, having no cash, we were compelled to decline. Bothered by Indians to sell them our horses. They often pick up good bargains from "broken" men coming down from the mines. Number of men on foot passed during afternoon, blanket on back, seeming halting and footsore. Unsuccessful miners on way back, I presume.

Saturday, September 12th — In camp at Cook's Ferry

Still no Mackay. Very tantalizing now that we have heard there are inquiries for us. Prospect of nothing to do but idle about this wretched place. Road must be expensive. Frequently cut out of nearly perpendicular precipice overhanging river; many places of the kind where I should be sorry to drive on a dark night. No fence whatever, and certain death if one should fall over precipices into river. Waited about wearily all afternoon for Mackay. At dusk three gentlemen and horses arrived and put up at the house. I asked the eldest of the party, a well-dressed middle-aged man of gentlemanly manners, if he had seen anything of Mackay, and he informed me that they had left him encamping with Lieutenant Palmer at the Engineers' camp and that he would come forward in the morning. He took me for one of the Company's men, and when I informed him I had no connection with them, he said he presumed I was one of Lord Milton's party and made more inquiries about our journey. Told me that this valley was one of the most barren parts of British Columbia. Better land in neighbourhood of William's Lake and on towards Cariboo. But the country had been grossly misrepresented, and British Columbia would never be a great farming country. Quite my own impression from what I have seen, so far.

Sunday, September 13th — In camp at Cook's Ferry

Just before daybreak very heavy rain came down. We endured it for some time under our waterproofs, but at length it became too severe, and we, i.e. Milton, I, and the boy, bolted into the hay store where we lay

very comfortably. The heavy showers still continuing, we breakfasted in the house. Very good feed of beefsteaks, potatoes, and hot rolls and butter; one dollar. Mr. Fraser (*the gentleman whom the author had addressed the previous day.*—ED.) at parting was very obliging and offered us the loan of his own saddle-horse down to Yale. We declined as Mackay had provided us. Observing our inferior style of dress, he insisted on lending Milton a coat and trousers, telling him he was always to be found at the *Hotel de France*, Victoria. From the Victoria paper we discovered that the Hon. Donald Fraser had just been in Cariboo, and concluded this was our man. Our host told us the other two were Mr. Smith, a large packer to Cariboo, and a Mr. Nuttall, in business there. Mackay did not arrive until we were just sitting down to dinner. We had to get him to pay our bill which amount to 42 dollars. He rather stared. Not bad for two days! Horse barley 25 cents per pound, bacon 50 per pound; flour, sugar, tea. We had a drink of really beautiful French brandy and then crossed the ferry. Sending our men to camp some quarter of a mile on, we went into the house and made the acquaintance of Mr. Cook, an Ohio man. Usual Yankee, but quieter. Had delicious supper there, very clean and well cooked, best we have had since St. Paul.

Mackay has to wait here tomorrow, to meet his pack trains coming in. We all go on Tuesday. Lieutenant Palmer will accompany us. Assiniboine and family to go in waggon. Hear that gold escort did not bring 97,000 ounces, as I stated previously, but only 150,000 dollars' worth, and that Cameron had not made 300,000 dollars, but probably not more than 10,00. This from Mr. Fraser who, Mackay tells us, is *Times* correspondent and wealthy man in Victoria. He has been all over the world. He says this country greatly resembles South America in aspect. Views in Cariboo exceed anything he saw in Andes or Himalayas. Milton and I both went to bed with headaches in consequence of three drinks of brandy during the day.

Monday, September 14th — In camp at Cook's Ferry

Breakfast at Mr. Cook's. Excellent white salmon, fish rather resembling the bass. Milton engaged in bargaining with old Indian and wife for

sale of our two remaining horses, which they want for winter provisions. Thirty dollars a piece. Mackay told us when talking of wolverines that woodrat of this country is very similar in mischief. In pulling down old fort at Kamloops this summer, found knives and forks, bullets and every variety of articles they had in the store secreted by woodrats between the walls.

Tuesday, September 15th — To Lytton

Indians came in to tell of a body found in the river close by. We went to see it with Cook and Mackay. Beginning to decompose. From moccasins and tattooing on arm concluded it was the other murderer, drowned in an attempt to swim the Thompson. Leaving our baggage to come on with Assiniboine and family by the waggons, Milton, Mackay and myself rode on to Lytton, 23 miles, at the junction of the Thompson and the Fraser. We had a very pleasant ride, the road following the river very closely. Hilly, but good sound road following the gulches which come into the river, and thus very winding.

At Lytton we found Captain Ball, the magistrate. A very jolly fellow, indeed; flies in his hat. Told us of good fishing in streams about Yale and Hope; none to be killed in Fraser or Thompson. Stayed at Houtin's Hotel. Lytton one of the towns which was raised by the Fraser River excitement (*the gold rush of 1858, when gold was discovered on the bars of the Fraser.* —ED.). Numerous bars being worked. Near Canaka Bar, Boston Bar, Chapman's Bar were celebrated. It has now "gone in" very much. Lytton on a point between the two rivers which has been cleared of timbers. The timber is beginning to change along the rivers as we go down, the spruce, firs, other pines, and a few birch lying and mingling with the eternal yellow-backed *pinus sylvestris* or *cyprèe*. We are now getting thick growth of deciduous shrub and a moister soil.

Wednesday, September 16th — To Boston Bar

Rode on to Boston Bar, about 27 miles, and there stayed the night. This place is another little assemblage of wooden houses, "caved in" since

the river mines have been abandoned. Some very fruitful little patches have been cleared here, but the mountains from the river banks are steep and often rocky, and there is but little space contained in the few small flats which can be cultivated. A different climate after leaving Thompson River, rainy and mild. Different also to Fraser above, which has flats and dry soil, and climate like Thompson. The river banks and bars have been extensively worked all along. We still saw Chinamen at work in a few places with a rocker, making one dollar to even 10 dollars a day, each.

Thursday, September 17th — To Yale

From Boston Bar to Yale 24 miles. A beautiful ride past the Jackass Mountain and zigzag Nicaragua Slide, over the suspension bridge which is just completed. The road was unfinished round Nicaragua Slide, which is a great bluff of granite overhanging the river. The road is blasted through this and passes along the edge, at a height of 700 or 800 feet of sheer descent above the Fraser. Sent our horses along the trail which went up the mountain by a zigzag, to the very top; a very roundabout and dangerous trail and the death of many a pack animal. We walked along the unfinished waggon road passing round the face of the bluff. The granite here is of a most beautiful grey variety, frequently with veins of quartz in something like plaid pattern. In the water-worn portions the granite has been worn away and the seams of quartz left projecting, they being less affected by the action of the water. The canyons above Yale are worth seeing; they occur at intervals for many miles. The river forces its way through the granite passes. Large rocks standing out in several places in the middle of the narrowed stream, through which the water rushes at a great pace. One of them very narrow, called *La Porte d'Enfer*, but not so fine as the one we named like it on the North Thompson.

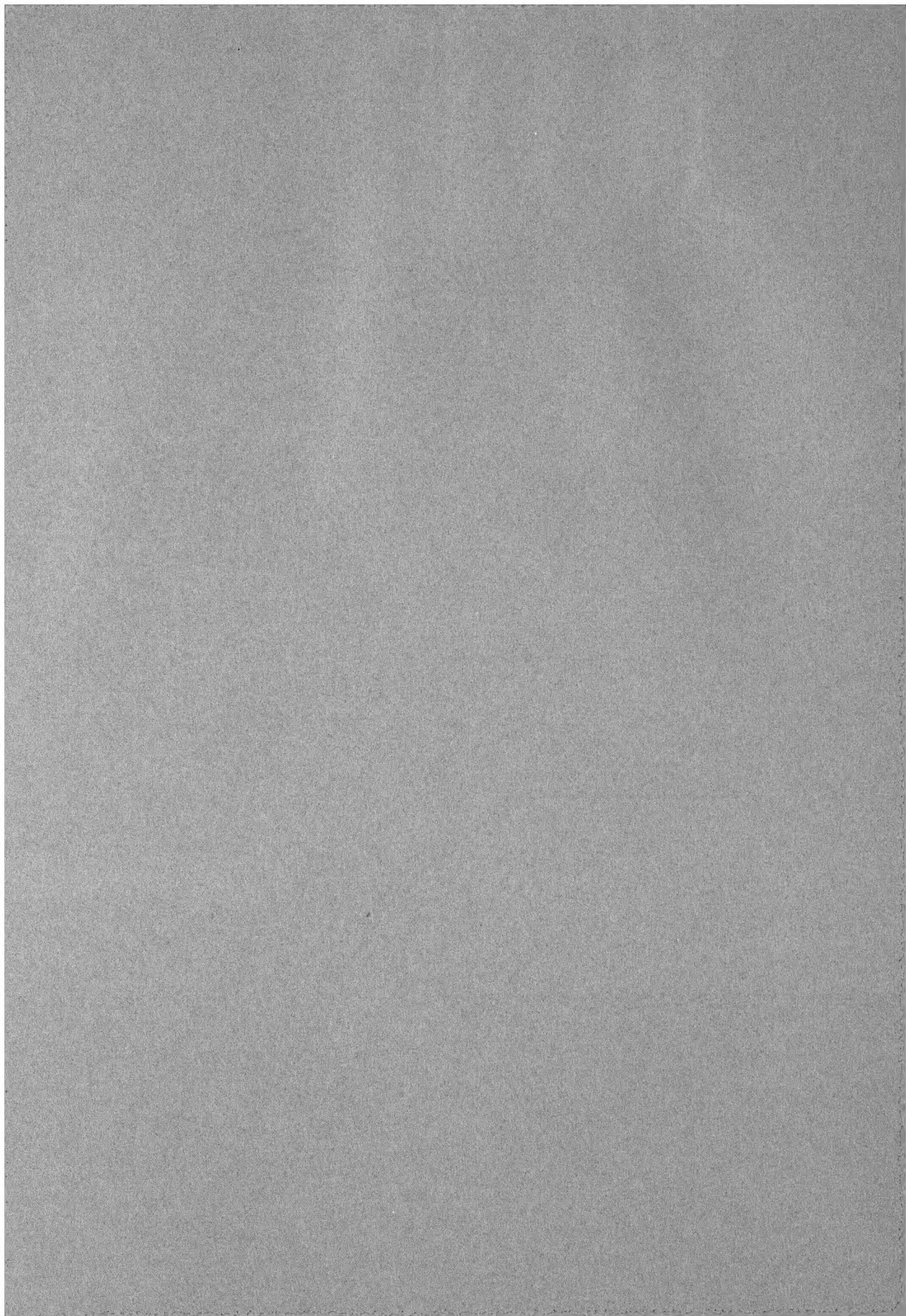
Arrived in Yale about 4 o'clock and went to the *Colonial*. Invited Mackay to dine with us, and a capital dinner they gave, or so it seemed to us at least. Mackay reappeared in dress of English gentleman of the period, and informed us that Mr. Finlayson, chief factor at Victoria, was there and had received a letter of credit from Lord Fitzwilliam for 400 £,

which was at Milton's disposal. This eased our financial difficulties at once. Finlayson very obliging. Found Donald Fraser and party at hotel, they having been too late for steamer of Tuesday. Spent evening with Mr. and Mrs. Mackay. Latter a nice-looking woman of 23 or 24, but delicate.

Friday, September 18th — By ship to New Westminster

Bade good-bye to Mackay, and sailed on *Reliance*, Captain Irving, to New Westminster. The river widens rapidly below Yale into a fine stream one quarter of a mile wide, with low banks covered with large timber; the hills receding rapidly. We passed Hope, a town of 30 or 40 houses, size of Yale, but now "gone in". It is most beautifully situated in a large flat with a magnificent amphitheatre of mountains behind. Prettiest site I have seen in the colony. Further down Fort Langley, an old Hudson's Bay station, with little but the Company's buildings. A fine site, and selected as capital of British Columbia until Colonel Moody changed to New Westminster for military reasons. By dark we arrived at New Westminster and went to *Colonial*. Town stands on rising ground above the river, amid the densest forest which has cost fortunes to clear away, an average three dollars a stump, as Captain Spalding, the justice of the peace there, told me. It will be a pretty place in time. A deep bay of river forms a suitable harbour, and the town is extremely well laid out by Colonel Moody. Substantial buildings, church and barracks, etc. Colonel Moody's house very prettily situated. All the low land along the lower Fraser is said to be rich soil, but overflowing in the summer to a great extent, and covered with enormous timber, a great drawback to cultivation here where labour is so dear. An exception to this is the Plains of Sumas, where some farming is carried on and many cattle are wintered. But the mosquitoes there are said to be terrible. And indeed men from all countries agree that the mosquitoes of British Columbia are unmatched for number and ferocity. In the evening Milton had one of his attacks, and I sat up with him for the greater part of the night; he had several symptoms during the day.

THUS ENDED THIS TRANS-CONTINENTAL JOURNEY,
WHICH HAD TAKEN ONE YEAR, ONE MONTH, AND
EIGHTEEN DAYS.



Date Due			
CIRC NO 26	'70	DEC 07 RETURN	
OCT 16	RETURN		
CIRC FE 19	'71		
JAN 11	RETURN		
CIRC DE 6	'72		
DEC 4	RETURN		
RUTH MR 19	'75		
MAR 6	RETURN		
RUTH 18	'76		
DEC 8	RETURN		
DUE RUTH	NOV 21 '77		
NOV 21	RETURN		
DEC 09	RETURN		
DEC 12	RETURN		
RUTH	AUG 27 1985		
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RUTH	DEC 05 1990		

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